

PRINCETON WINS THE GREAT FOOTBALL GAME

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
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THE LADY FLASHES DANCE.

DIZZY CIGARETTE GIRLS HAVE A MOST HILARIOUS TIME IN LYCEUM OPERA HOUSE, THIS CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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PUGILISM A SCIENCE.

So much has been said against pugilism during the past few months that we feel called upon as the champion of all athletic sports, to say a few words in its defense. Pugilism of to-day and pugilism of the past decade are as much unlike as a French duel and a game of football between two college teams. A French duel rarely results in the injury of either of the principals, while the football player runs the risk of being maimed for life.

Pugilism, like all genuine athletic sports, has progressed. It is no longer what might be called a brutal exhibition, in which two men pummel each other until one is so badly bruised that he is compelled to succumb from pure punishment and exhaustion. It has become a science in which the cleverest man always comes out ahead. Like all other athletic sports, it is a question of skill and endurance. The men are trained for the contest in much the same manner that a horse is trained for a great race. They are put in the very best physical condition for a trial, which is not only interesting, but elevating in many ways. They wear gloves which prevent them from doing any serious injury to their opponents, and it is a rare thing that a defeated pugilist requires the services of a physician. The knock-out blow is nothing more than a sudden punch with a pillow-like glove, which stuns the receiver for about ten seconds, but really does no harm. The knocked out man recovers quickly and suffers from no injury. At the close of a contest the principals are in just as good condition as before, save the tired feeling caused by the exercise. The spectators have witnessed a clever exhibition of skill, science and endurance, and having the satisfaction of knowing that the best man captured the prize.

Football, however, is more or less brutal, notwithstanding the fact that it is practiced and approved of by our institutions of learning, and by upright statesmen, who from a mistaken and prejudiced notion, condemn glove contests. In a great game of football it is often the case that some of the players are maimed for life, or so seriously injured that they are confined to their beds for weeks.

We know that the coming contest between James J. Corbett and Charley Mitchell will be a more scientific and interesting exhibition, and less shocking to the finer sensibilities of our sensitive moralists, than a rough and tumble game of football between the two representative institutions of learning of this country.

MASKS AND FACES.

Lillian Russell's Banquet to
Members of Her Company.

SADIE MARTINOT'S CRANK.

Matrimonial Differences in Theatrical Circles Plentiful.

FRANK MAYO'S DAUGHTER.

I am told that a very unique banquet is to be given shortly, when Lillian Russell and her company—even to the humblest chorus girl—will dine together.

rus, who has been with Lillian Russell for several years, I am led to believe that the golden-haired singer is not given to looking down upon the minor members of her company.

"Miss Russell has a very fascinating smile," said my little chorus friend—just as if I wasn't aware of it—"and she does not economize it for stage purposes only, as many persons seem to believe. She is as courteous and pleasant to a chorus singer, stage hand or 'super,' as to her most intimate friends."

"One of the sweetest things connected with the production of 'La Cigale,' was her conquest of the children employed in the opera. After dancing in the last act, the tots used to hurry to their rooms, put on their street garments, and then rush down the stage to wait until Miss Russell's last note had died away, and the curtain slowly descended. Then, with eager, expectant faces, they surrounded her awaiting their turn for a good-night kiss. Every Saturday night Miss Russell's maid came upon the scene with her arms full of boxes, and as each child kissed the diva, she was handed a box of bon-bons."

"It is no wonder," continued my informant, "that they thought their ideal the most charming, the best, the sweetest lady in the world! And no wonder, either, that they cried bitterly when Mr. Gerry forbade them to act in New York! While travelling the prima donna did everything in her power to make them comfortable, and a happier lot of children could not be found. During the day they used to visit the theatre and 'play opera,' as they called it. One impersonated Miss Russell, another Attalie Claire, and so on. Knowing most of the music, their juvenile efforts were quite

has been living with some friends. She avers that she will not return to her husband, unless he becomes more circumspect in his habits and language.

James F. O'Neil is suing his wife, Annie Blanche, for divorce, having named a Boston medical man as respondent. He is also suing the latter for alienating his wife's affections. Miss Blanche is at present a member of Sol Smith Russell's company.

Ada Reeve will hurry back to England at the close of her successful engagement at Koster & Bial's, as she must be on hand for the Christmas pantomime season. Charles H. Hoyt, Evans & Hoey and other managers have made her lucrative offers.

I hear that Florence Thropp has retired from the stage for a time to devote herself to portrait painting. Carmencita is dancing at the Trocadero in Chicago. Sylvia Grey, who brought the skirt-dancing craze to this country with the assistance of Letty Lind, was recently married at London to an American gentleman. And now Sadie Martinot is being pursued by a crank who threatens to spoil her pretty features with the use of vitriol. But the strangest part of the story is the fact that he is said to be enamored of Mrs. Martinot instead of the beautiful Sadie herself.

It seems that he became interested in Sadie's mother shortly after the death of her husband. The couple quarreled last spring, and Mrs. Martinot has refused to consent to a reconciliation.

This he attributes to Sadie's influence over her mother, and during the last few months he has written something like a bushel of letters to everybody interested in either Sadie or her mother. In fact he has become such a nuisance that Sadie has had to call in the help of the police, as well as change her residence.

Fanny Ward, who is to be Sadie Martinot's understudy in "The Voyage of Huzette," is said to have the smallest hand in the theatrical profession.

Belle Archest holds the palm for the minutest month; Della Fox for the tiniest foot, and Edna Wallace-Hopper for the slenderest waist.

The recent indisposition of Patti was not very alarming. She was ordered to keep quiet by a doctor who knows her chatty nature. Patti is very fond of talking and when she is once started there is no limit to her volubility.

She does not discourse on art, or the effect of Wagner on the non-discriminating public, but she discusses the news of the day, the theatres, fashions and general subjects. In fact, Patti is exceedingly feminine.

Clyde Fitch's latest adaptation has failed at the Lyceum Theatre. Two failures in two weeks is a pretty good record for a young author. "An American Duchess" is a very talky play about nothing in particular, and even the good acting of the Lyceum stock company cannot redeem its inherent fault.

Helen Dauvray, who is now in the cast of "The Prodigal Daughter," intends to star in Xt season.

"I have had three offers," she said. "One is to be leading lady of a Broadway theatre, and the other two are to star on the road. I shall accept one of the latter and shall make an elaborate revival of Bronson Howard's 'One of Our Girls.'"

Four young women of swarthy complexions, flashing black eyes and a disregard of the conventionalities of gesture and costume, apparently born of a long residence in the Midway Plaisance, have been added to the cast of "The Algerian."

They are a quartet of Arabian dancers, and they were supplemented by four blonde-haired young women in their efforts to intensify the Oriental atmosphere of the opera. To the strains of a deliciously languorous air they sway their bodies and wave their arms in rhythmic unison, making a very pretty effect.

The production of "King Rene's Daughter," a one-act lyrical drama by Julian Edwards, at Hermann's Theatre, served to introduce a young woman to New York, whose beauty and voice caused quite a sensation.

She is Eleanor Mayo, daughter of Frank Mayo. She has won some success on the concert stage as a ballad singer, but never attempted opera until last week. If her head is not turned by bad advisers, Miss Mayo is destined to shine in the operatic firmament.

An overdose of chloral, which she herself and all her friends insist was not taken with suicidal intent, came near putting an end to the life of Bettina Gerard.

A timely doctor gave Bettina a good thumping, walked her around her room at race-horse speed, and then she was all right again. It was a close call, however.

At one of the rehearsals Walter Jones, of Rice's "1492," was captured to supply the music to the minut, which is danced during the performance. Mr. Jones happened to be in the theatre at the time, and he was gently led to the music stool and forced to play the piano.

"I don't want to be unkind," he said, after the dance, "but I've never seen the minut so badly done." "And we," cried a chorus of feminine voices, "have never heard a minut so badly played."

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THE BALLET GIRL'S DREAM OF THE PAST.

George Lederer is to act as host, and apart from the viands, which are being ordered on an imposing gastronomic scale, there will be addresses by all the guests.

Miss Russell is to give her experiences before becoming known to fame, and to tell what she would do if obliged to begin life once more as a chorus girl. Then the chorus girls, or a selected few of them, will say what they would do if they became prime donne. The affair will end with a dance, Miss Russell leading with a humble singer in the chorus.

This is, indeed, a departure from tradition. As a general rule, the leading woman never knows or recognizes a chorus girl. On the road the latter travels in hard day coaches, while the former luxuriates in parlor cars and the best hotels.

But from what I gleaned from a member of the cho-

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that Mme. Cappiani did on the first night of the opera. Miss Russell is one of her pupils, and Mme. Cappiani felt so proud of her success on that occasion, that she deliberately walked down the aisle until she stood immediately back of Gus Kerker's blonde curls, and tossed a handsome bunch of Jack roses to Miss Russell, while the latter was singing the pretty "Cigarette Song."

At the close of the aria another bunch was thrown from an upper box. It came from Mrs. W. W. Furst, the wife of the composer of "Princess Nicotine," and not from Attalie Claire, as some of the daily papers stated.

Matrimonial differences in theatrical circles have been unusually plentiful of late.

Pretty Sylvia Thorne, whose blonde hair and blue eyes used to attract many admirers at the Casino, has left her husband, Ben Tuthill. The immediate cause was a scene which occurred in the restaurant of the Sturtevant House.

In the heat of an argument, Mr. Tuthill said something which his wife construed into an insult, and re-sented by hastily leaving the table. Since then she

has been living with some friends. She avers that she will not return to her husband, unless he becomes more circumspect in his habits and language.

A timely doctor gave Bettina a good thumping, walked her around her room at race-horse speed, and then she was all right again. It was a close call, however.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Young Wife's Sad Suicide in Pompton, N. J.

ACTRESS SUES FOR DIVORCE

A Chicago Girl's Infatuation for her Sister's Husband.

THE WIFE THREATENS HER LIFE

Rosita Dolores Sloan has instituted proceedings for absolute divorce against her husband, William H. Sloan, whom she charges with all manner of abuse, neglect and cruelty.

Both parties in the action are well known to the theatrical world. Sloan is now playing the part of the policeman in Rice's "1492," at Palmer's Theatre. He is a brother of the late George S. Knibb, who died in an asylum two years ago. He has another brother, who is a well known lawyer in Philadelphia.

Sloan is good looking, dresses in the height of fashion, and, according to his wife, is strongly addicted to the amusements of the flowing bowl, and falls an easy victim to the wiles of lovely women. Incidentally, from all accounts, he has a hasty and ungovernable temper.

Mrs. Sloan was born in Cuba twenty-four years ago. Her maiden name was De Beaspalma. Her father was a wealthy tobacco planter, but several successive seasons of poor crops resulted in his business failure.

Mrs. Sloan is a petite brunette, whose olive complexion, jet black hair and large brown eyes bespeak her Spanish origin. She came to this country when quite young with her parents. She was educated in Europe and, much against her parents' wishes, decided to adopt the theatrical profession.

She has appeared mostly in comic opera. She was a member of Lillian Russell's "Billie Taylor" company, and has played soubrette parts in Hallen and Hart's and other productions.

Mrs. Sloan's story, as told in the suit which she has brought through her counsel, Douglas A. Levin, of No. 148 Nassau street, is, substantially, as follows:

She first met Sloan on the stage of the opera house in Erie, Pa., where he joined Sullivan's "Blackthorne" company, with which she was engaged. Early in April, 1891, the company was playing an engagement at Forepaugh's Theatre, in Philadelphia, and Sloan, who had been very attentive to Miss Dolores Frankel, by which name Mrs. Sloan was then professionally known, proposed marriage. So it was that on the afternoon of April 15, 1891, after a matinee, they crossed the river to Camden, N. J., where they were married by the Rev. William H. Burrell.

Mrs. Sloan alleges that her husband began to abuse and ill-treat her within a month, and that on one occasion, at a hotel, he threw her down a flight of stairs, when she caught him in her room with another woman. He begged her pardon afterward, she says, and she finally forgave him.

When the company's tour closed at New Haven, she alleges that Sloan, who drew her salary, as well as his own, and had spent both, pawned all her rings and jewelry to pay for board.

The young couple then hired an apartment at No. 45 West Twenty-sixth street, and, owing to her husband's profligate habits, Mrs. Sloan alleges that she did housework in order to keep a roof over their heads.

While filling a professional engagement in Fitchburg, Mass., in September, 1891, Mrs. Sloan affirms that her husband seized her by the throat, nearly choked her to death, and then threw her against the wall with great violence. In 1892, while they were on a tour with Hallen and Hart's company at Milwaukee, Mrs. Sloan was seriously injured by being thrown against a sewing machine by her husband, who then threatened to leave her destitute in that city.

She further alleges that in November, 1891, while she was sick in bed at Providence, R. I., Sloan made her get up and sent her to Philadelphia, ostensibly for her health, but, as she afterward learned and affirms, "only to get her out of the way in order that he might carry on" with an actress named Mary A. King, otherwise Alice Sanson, a member of the May Howard burlesque company.

After Sloan had several times deserted his wife and been as often forgiven, and while the couple were staying at the St. Charles Hotel at Pittsburg, Pa., Sloan, she alleges, came home one night under the influence of liquor, and after almost choking his wife to death threw her out of the room.

She then wore only her night dress. Her screams and cries aroused the persons in the house. Sloan then admitted her to the room, and after locking the door began to beat her unmercifully. The hotel porter, she says, hearing the noise, entered the room through a window and compelled Sloan to stop beating her at the point of a revolver.

Sloan was arrested for this and held in \$1,000 bail for assault. The judge who committed him said he was sorry he could not send him to the whipping post and give him forty lashes.

When Sloan returned to the hotel after this, the complaint says, he "used vile and degrading epithets to his wife before the hotel servants and seized her pet dog, which he nearly squeezed to death in a clothes press for the purpose of torturing her mentally."

The complaint also mentions numerous other acts of cruelty. Mrs. Sloan accuses her husband of being intimate with Nina Walsh, one of the "Daily Hint" in the "1492" company. A letter written by Miss Walsh, in which she addresses Sloan as "Dear Billy" and signs herself "Yours lovingly, Nina," is put in evidence.

Mrs. Sloan states that her husband during his "sober spells" has been in the habit of writing her most affectionate and glowing letters, in which he signed himself "Your devoted fool husband" and otherwise berated himself for his bad treatment of her.

The trial of the suit will develop some very sensational details of theatrical life.

Young Mrs. Emma Parks' romance was brief. She is dead now. Reproach and contumely drove her to suicide. All her life she had lived in the little village of Pompton, N. J. She was a pretty girl, tall, blue-eyed and with an excellent figure. She was married last July and that was the cause of her misery.

Mason Card, the girl's father, is a hackman. His wife died four years ago, leaving Emma and two tiny children. Although only fourteen years old, the girl was an excellent mother to her little brother and sister. She kept house for the family. Her father was proud of her. The girl had known George Parks since they were children. He began to court her three years ago, in a bashful, awkward way.

Emma met Annie Poole last January—a buxom, red-cheeked country girl, with wavy black hair and snapping black eyes. Annie was a loud-talking girl, fond of singing and dancing and founder of admiration. She and Emma became warm friends at once. Mason Card says that Annie Poole filled Emma with ambitious notions.

The girl was anxious to be independent. She had been a domestic in the home of Mrs. Edward P. Terhune (Marion Harland) in Pompton, at the same time managing to keep her father's home in order. Emma entered the employ of another family and seldom went home.

Annie Poole and Gabriel Romaine, with Emma Card and George Parks, spent a merry evening at the hackman's house last March. Emma was a different girl after that night. Within a few weeks she went to live with George Parks' mother, who was keeping boarders in a small double house three quarters of a mile east of the Pompton railroad station.

George Parks no longer hid the power he had acquired over the girl. She was simply infatuated with him. He is twenty-three years old, small and very ordinary looking. He earns \$2 a day in a factory where primers are made for blasting cartridges. That money supported him, his mother, two brothers and two sisters. Emma gladly did the household drudgery so as to be near George.

They were married early in July in Bloomingdale village by the Rev. U. S.

the baby on Sunday evening. Emma fled up stairs and locked herself in her room. She would not come out until her husband had locked the door so that the neighbors could not get near her. The baby was asleep.

By a pretext Emma got her husband out of the way. While he was down stairs the girl either stole down the steps or jumped from the second story window. She was dressed only in light underwear, a calico jacket, and white skirt and stockings.

Nobody saw the girl's flight. It was bitter cold. The thermometer marked within ten degrees of zero. The moon was shining brilliantly as the young mother ran over the fields, across the railroad track and so steadily eastward to Pompton Lake. The frozen clods bruised her soft, shoeless feet. Without abandoning her purpose for a moment the girl kept on.

At the shore a new difficulty met her. The moon's rays fell, not upon shimmering water, but upon black and gleaming ice. This did not make her turn back. Chagrin and a wounded heart gave her strength.

Slowly, painfully, with many gasps, but still as silently as possible, she broke the ice and walked out into the lake.

By the time she was breast deep in the freezing flood the girl's strength was spent. She sank without a

"I don't care. I'll kill her, I tell you. I will kill her if you turn her out of this place. I mean what I say."

The speaker's eyes flashed. An angry flush was in her face. She appeared to be terribly excited.

And the object of her hate sobbed as if heartbroken.

While this strange scene was in progress a policeman came forward and explained matters. He had a painful story to tell. The husband of the jealous woman—for that was what was the matter with her—had neglected his wife and went away with her young and pretty sister. And this young person, it seems, had encouraged the man's attentions. These at length became the scandal of the neighborhood. Neighbors would visit Mrs. Richards and tell her they had seen her husband out walking in the evening with his sister-in-law and behaving not in a proper manner.

Frequently the couple were detected embracing each other on the sidewalk in the shadow of some building, and at length, as the evidence showed, Richards induced the girl to leave her home and take up her abode in South Chicago.

The strangest sort of an infatuation seemed to make this couple forget all other people and conduct themselves in public in a most surprising way. When the girl disappeared Richards disappeared too, his wife said. He left her without a crust of bread in the house and no money the very day the rent was due. He came back home after a few days' absence, but periodically while the girl was away he would absent himself for days and nights, and Mrs. Richards was at a loss to account for his strange movements. She asked him with having been with her sister, but he denied it, and later on she had her suspicions verified. While he was asleep Mrs. Richards abstracted a letter from her husband's pocket, which letter was addressed to her sister at South Chicago.

A warrant for the arrest of Richards was at once taken out, his wife charging him with abduction. The girl was found at South Chicago, but when she was brought in to tell her story she said she went with Richards of her own volition and the case against the fellow was accordingly dismissed. Outside the door he lay in wait for the girl and threatened he would have her.

But his wife said: "No." She was furious. She would kill her sister. But she was advised to have the girl rearrested and sent to some refuge.

That is how the case came up again.

While it was being heard Richards came into court, and asked permission to be heard.

Justice Kersten, however, ordered the fellow to be gone instantly, saying if any man kicked him around the block the man would be dismissed were the police to arrest him.

Richards then stole out of the court room, while the object of his perverted affection was sent to the refuge on \$100 fine.

MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fred L. Buck, State Game and Fish Warden, rushed into the Elgin, Ill., police station shortly after 4 o'clock the other afternoon and announced that he had murdered his wife at their home in the southern part of the city. Mrs. Buck was found on the bedroom floor. A bullet hole was in her left temple. Her husband had placed the weapon so near her face that the bullet passed diagonally through her head and was found in her hair, which was knotted at the back. A second shot entered the woman's back below the right shoulder. She had evidently been killed by the first shot. The only reason given for the deed by Buck is that his wife had been living contrary to his wishes, and he proposed to put a stop to it.

Fred Buck has been State Game and Fish Warden for the last four years, having been appointed under Gov. Fifer. During the summer he had charge of the Government aquariums in the Fisheries building at the World's Fair.

The murdered woman was his second wife. Buck was divorced from his first wife, who is still living. The dead woman was the divorced wife of Arthur Hawkins. She was born in Medina, N. Y., and was 34 years old. Mr. and Mrs. Buck were married three years ago.

The mother of the murdered woman can give no motive for the deed. She says Julia has been somewhat eccentric, but does not believe her guilty of any crime.

Buck was taken to the county jail at Geneva. He does not express any regret for the murder of his wife, and says she is better off now. He says he is resigned to any fate, and does not care to see the world again.

MRS. LUCILLE RODNEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mrs. Lucille Rodney, whose portrait appears on another page, is the woman who, during the past summer, walked 1,346 miles from Galveston, Texas, to Chicago, in 72 days, while her actual walking time was 64 days. In a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE she says:

"They gave me 76 days to make the trip, and I could have gotten in three days earlier but my backers wouldn't allow me to. I had never done any walking to amount to anything so I did not know what I could do. Now I will walk against any woman, any distance on railroad tracks, and start wherever they designate. What I want is some one to back me, for I am sure I can win. They can select any route they choose, though I would like to walk to San Francisco, Cal., if left to me. The only reservation I would make is that whoever backs me is to pay my expenses and my husband would accompany me as he did before. There was also a guard, but that would be their lookout."

DANA C. THOMPSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Dana C. Thompson, of Alameda, Cal., who bears the title of champion amateur swimmer of the world, recently made a record of one-quarter of a mile in 6 minutes and 54 seconds in the Santa Cruz plunge baths. Thompson is anxious to meet Nuttall, the English champion. A portrait of Thompson appears on another page.

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SAYS HE THREW HER DOWN STAIRS.

Edwards. The girl left her husband six weeks after her wedding.

"She didn't say much," said her father, "but I could see she was worried. Two dollars a day wasn't much among all that family. I says to her:—'En, you look bad. Do you get everything you want? Do you get enough to eat?' She said yes she did. I felt everything wasn't right, but I didn't want to take her from her husband."

Emma Parks' baby, a fine, hearty boy, was born two weeks ago. She was proud and happy. As soon as she was able to write she wrote a letter full of the great news to her mother's mother, Mrs. Emmeline Boyd, of Ogdensburg, N. J., a few miles west of Pompton.

She wrote a bitter letter to her granddaughter, saying that the girl had disgraced her family in her marriage and that the doors of all decent people must now be shut against her.

"Em had crying spells right along after that," said George Parks.

Emma was well enough to get up on Saturday. She was smiling at her baby boy when Dr. Colfax made his last call on her that morning. No member of the Parks family paid much attention to the girl's fits of weeping. She talked about her grandmother's cruel letter to her husband, and he simply told her not to bother about it.

Mrs. Twining and some other neighbors called to see

struggle. Before the moon left the sky it shone upon something white that lay frozen upon the surface of the lake.

George Parks gave the alarm. He summoned Mason Card and Mason's brother, Stephen. The husband quit searching at midnight. The father kept on uncomplainingly. He borrowed a fishing lantern with a strong reflector. He walked along the edge of the lake, darting the lantern rays outward. He found his daughter at five o'clock in the morning.

Justice of the Peace, William C. Steele, impanelled a jury, who rendered a verdict of suicide.

A remarkable story of a Lake View girl's infatuation for her sister's husband was developed in a Chicago police court the other day. The sisters were before Justice Kersten. One was prosecuting the other. The culprit, a bright young girl of seventeen, was Mary Jane Gibson, and her sister was Mrs. Fred Richards, of Lake View.

The elder woman was quivering with excitement, while her young sister's face was tear-swollen and her voice was choked with sobbing.

"What is all this about?" asked the court, looking at the strange couple before him, with much surprise.

The elder woman spoke. Her voice had a hard ring in it.

"I'll kill that woman," she cried, "if you don't send her somewhere."

"But there is no charge against her. Her name is not on the book."

"It makes no matter," cried the woman. Then she hissed, "I'll kill her."

"But she is your sister."

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EILEEN KARL.

A HANDSOME MEMBER OF RICE'S "1492," WHOSE SYLPH-LIKE FIGURE IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.



BANGED HIM WITH AN UMBRELLA.
THE CASHIER OF A MILWAUKEE, WIS., WRECKED BANK CHASTISED BY INDIGNANT MRS. THUERMERLER.



"I FORGIVE YOU," HE SAID.
WHILE PLAYING WITH A REVOLVER MRS. SHELL FATALLY SHOOTS HER HUSBAND AT BREMEN, GA.

SOULFUL EYES, RAVEN HAIR

They Completely Captivated
Mrs. Elizabeth Guthrie.

NOW HER HUBBY SUES.

He wants \$20,000 Damages from
the Man of Soulful Eyes.

A SENSATION SCANDAL.

A suit for \$20,000 for alienating a wife's affections is creating quite a scandal in this city. Charles Widmer, Jr., auditor of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, is the defendant. He was arrested recently on an order issued by Judge McAdam, in the Superior Court, and committed to Ludlow street jail.

The suit against Widmer was begun in the Superior Court the other morning, when Lawyer D. Frank Lloyd, of No. 170 Broadway, filed with Justice McAdam the complaint, and asked that an order of arrest be granted.

According to Lawyer Lloyd, Guthrie must be a very remarkable man. The complaint alleges that he caught his wife at least four times alone with Widmer, yet he forgave her.

As the complaint reads, Guthrie married his wife, who was Elizabeth Jane Brown, in February, 1881, and lived happily with her until July, 1891. Two children, a boy and a girl, blessed their marriage, and it is on their account, Guthrie says, he always condoned his wife's misdoings.

The first offense charged in the complaint against Widmer is under date of July 20, 1891. Guthrie says that he and his wife were then living in the apartment house at the northwest corner of St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Seventeenth street. He happened to return home from his office about 4 P. M. that day, which, by the way, was a rainy one, and found the door leading to his flat from the hallway locked. He knocked several times, but received no response. He heard voices inside in his flat, and, recognizing a male voice, burst in the door, thus securing an entrance. He says he found his wife in a great state of excitement and, seemingly, very nervous. He asked her what the matter was, but she refused to say.

"I thereupon instituted a search," says Guthrie in his complaint, "and found Widmer secreted behind a clothes-horse in the store-room. I upbraided him and bade him begone from my sight."

Widmer went from his sight, and Guthrie made up with his wife. She declared Widmer had only dropped in to visit her.

The next offense, Guthrie charges, occurred in Bellvale, Orange County, N. Y., the next month. Guthrie says that, in order to make his wife forget the episode with Widmer, he sent her and the children to sojourn with his sister, Mrs. Robert Auld, who figures in the case, at Bellvale. They had been there several days when Guthrie paid them a visit. He says that he found Widmer there. Again, fearful lest a scandal might arise, he simply upbraided Widmer, and allowed him to part unharmed.

He scolded his wife, but she told him that she couldn't help it, Widmer was her affinity, etc. Then again, she couldn't resist his "soulful eyes and raven locks."

In the same house at Bellvale lived Lyman A. Pickens, familiarly known as "Al," who was formerly a suitor for Mrs. Auld's shapely hand. His conduct with the two women resulted in a very sensational divorce case brought by Auld against his wife, which was decided against her by Judge McAdam.

In his decision Judge McAdam said: "Meeting him at the depot, kissing him, sitting in the hammock together, allowing him to hug her, frequenting each other's rooms, going out riding with him, corresponding with him and destroying letters and telegrams from him are all circumstances corroborating the more direct evidence that the accused parties are not innocent."

"Married women," says the Judge, "should not only avoid evil, but the appearance of it, and if by their course of conduct with other men they give color to charges of misconduct and commit acts of indiscretion and impropriety which tend to evidence them, they must not complain if the public draws the conclusion, which seems inevitable, that the marriage vows have been forgotten. Throughout the case the facts link one after another in harmony, while falsehoods clash discordantly, one with other."

Judge McAdam says the testimony and admissions of Pickens and Mrs. Auld on the witness stand about their clandestine meetings and falsehoods are shocking. "Indeed," says the Judge, "Pickens' conduct on the stand demonstrated clearly that he was a man in whose keeping no woman's honor was safe."

While her sister spent her time with Pickens, Guthrie alleges his wife spent hers with Widmer. But her explanations were so plausible that he easily forgave her and continued to live with her for the sake of the children.

Guthrie then alleges several other offenses which he claims were committed in this city at different places by Widmer and Mrs. Guthrie.

"I continued to live with my wife," says Guthrie "until Nov. 8 last, when I returned home from my work and found my trunk on the doorstep. My wife told me I wasn't wanted and that I had better get. I got."

Filed with Guthrie's complaint is an affidavit made

by his brother, Harry Y. Guthrie, who swears that on several occasions he saw his sister-in-law and Widmer together, and once she had confided to him she didn't know who was the father of her child. The brother swears that his sister-in-law once told him she had no love for her husband, as Widmer's soulful eyes and raven locks had completely weaned her from him.

Mrs. Guthrie is about thirty-two years old and very pretty. She lives at present at No. 234 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, with her two children.

KILLED A WHOLE FAMILY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

As the result of a terrible tragedy, growing out of a family feud, five people are dead in their country home, seven miles east of Seymour, Ind.

Four years ago Clinton Jordan, then 21 years old, married a daughter of Joshua Foster, with whom he has never lived happily. Recently they separated and she returned to the home of her father.

The other night Jordan met his father-in-law and accompanied him home, contrary to the wishes of the latter, who feared trouble. Jordan promised to behave, but soon after his arrival at Foster's home he began a quarrel.

Foster then ordered him out of the house, when Jordan fired at the old man, but missed him, the ball striking Miss Cora Foster, aged 17, in the head killing her instantly.

The second shot hit Foster in the head and he fell, but soon rose and ran a quarter of a mile to the home of his son-in-law, William Powell, where he fell and lingered until late the next afternoon, when he died.

Jordan then turned his revolver toward Mrs. Foster, his mother-in-law, shooting her in the neck, the ball ranking downward causing a wound from which she died.

Jordan's wife attempted to defend her mother and he stabbed her repeatedly in the breast, hands and face, and ended by shooting her in the head.

Jordan then opened his vest and coolly placed the revolver against his

breast, sending a ball directly through his heart. He dropped dead instantly, falling across the dead body of his wife.

Mr. Foster was 60 years old and his wife was 50. Mrs. Jordan was 18 years old. Foster had an unsavory reputation, and when drunk, which was often, he was ugly and quarrelsome.

THE LADY FLASHES DANCE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Lady Flashes, an organization of the New York cigarette girls, had their annual ball in Lyceum Opera House, this city, last week.

After the grand march there came the lancers. Such a whirling and stamping and jumping is seldom seen. Buxom lassies were tossed high in the air, landing with a heavy, indisposing thud. As the music rose and quickened a fat girl shot up five feet in the air and landed in a sitting posture.

"Oh, Roxy, are you hurt?" asked the girl next her. "It's the softest thing I ever struck," said Roxiana, as she rose to her feet.

Just where the cigarette girls get the marvelous step they dance is a mystery. They would stride five feet, stop, hop three feet, circle, stretch their legs as if they were a pair of callipers, close them, half open them, twist them around each other, untangle, kick and wriggle, and then sink into the arms of a young man, and rest their head on his shoulder.

As time flew, beer followed it. Cigarette girls like beer and are susceptible to its effects. It brings about a feeling of affectionate languor. It banishes the blue law, that forbids a young man to kiss a girl, and bids him kiss her as often as he can. It also directs him to make a mattress of himself, if necessary, and

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permit a girl to recline at will. In the second chapter it bids a young man become lively and urges the girl not to suppress her hilarity. The second chapter was reached about 2 A. M. Costumes with troublesome trains were cast aside. The heat caused heavy Mother Hubbards to be thrown off.

The ardor of the dancers increased. They hugged each other vehemently as they danced and executed wonderful movements. Beer-glasses were tossed aside as worthless for refilling.

Crowds gathered in corners and gazed tremulously at visions of limbs flashing in difficult dances like streaks of lightning. The Koota-Koota dance, adorned with east-side variations, was realistic.

The young men rushed about, and when the orchestra poured forth "Old Rocky Road" bedlam broke loose. Knots of dancers vied with each other in their efforts to create confusion. Girls were lifted off their feet and carried laughing about the room.

In the cork-room even policemen, unable to resist the temptation, joined in the dance. Hats were kicked high in the air. Songs were sung that called forth choruses of "Ohs."

BRUTALLY BEATEN BY A BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Three times within the last two weeks attempts have been made to burglarize the home of J. C. Ace, a prominent resident of Wilkesbarre, Pa. The first two efforts were unsuccessful, but the burglars succeeded the other night in effecting an entrance to the place and getting away with about \$100.

Mrs. Ace retired about ten o'clock and about mid-

Peterson. Ford has been making love to both without quite knowing which of the two he liked best. It was decided on the outskirts of the town, by the side of a stream. The girls set about to pummeling each other, while Ford stood out on a bridge watching them. Several young men and women were on the opposite side of the stream to see fair play done. After three savage rounds, Miss Rachel Peterson hit her rival in the breast and felled her. She was declared the winner of the young man's affections, and he got so excited over the outcome that he fell into the river and would have been drowned if the spectators hadn't thrown long sticks to him and pulled him out. The victorious Rachel was carried back to town upon the shoulders of the young men.

THE CORBETT-MITCHELL CONTEST.

The Governor of Florida will not interfere with the Proposed Match.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Everything connected with the international contest between Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell is going along nicely. Inside of two weeks both Corbett and Mitchell will be in training and preparations will be made to bring the contest off.

Messrs. Bowden and Mason, the pillars of the Duval Athletic Club of Jacksonville, Fla., under whose auspices Corbett and Mitchell are to battle on Jan. 25, for a purse of \$20,000, in a letter, state that the many rumors published about the contest not taking place at Jacksonville are not true.

Governor Mitchell and the Attorney-General were apprised that Mitchell and Corbett were to engage in a prize fight similar to the prize fight John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain engaged in in 1889, for \$20,000 with bare knuckles.

Since Governor Mitchell has been informed that Corbett and Mitchell intended a contest with gloves according to Queensbury rules, which is allowed in England, a different complexion has been cast on the affair. No law will be intruded upon as long as there is no breach of the peace.

"Many residents of Jacksonville," say Messrs. Bowden and Mason, "started a hue and cry that the contest would bring the roughest element of the United States to Jacksonville, but their story has been upset by showing what it will cost any one coming from Chicago or New York to see the contest, which will prove a bar to any one not having plenty of money making the trip."

The Duval Athletic Club offer to give bonds that there will be no more disorder or any breach of the peace in the event of Corbett and Mitchell meeting in their arena than there has been in San Francisco, New Orleans and Coney Island, where such contests have been decided and permitted by the authorities. Everything so far has been done to bring off the contest. The club will build a colosseum which will seat ten thousand spectators.

Mitchell and Corbett are expected in Jacksonville in two weeks to train, and after the referee is selected everything connected with the contest will go on in a shipshape way.

A portrait of Mitchell appears on another page.

BANGED HIM WITH AN UMBRELLA.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

As John B. Koetting, the cashier who assisted in wrecking the South Side Savings Bank, Milwaukee, Wis., was leaving Judge Wallber's court room on his way back to jail, he was attacked by Mrs. Thuermerler, who, with several other women depositors of the defunct bank were in court.

She used an umbrella with good effect, until two deputy sheriffs seized her. She then vented her anger by calling the banker all the names she could think of, and declared if she had a revolver she would shoot him. Koetting took refuge in an elevator, and the woman finally fainting. She was carried into Judge Ludwig's court room, and it was some time before she was revived.

Mrs. Thuermerler is a widow and keeps a millinery store on Reed street. She had \$5,000 in the defunct bank on which she is not likely to realize anything, as after the preferred creditors of the bank are paid there will be little left for the others.

The day before the bank failed Mrs. Thuermerler deposited with Cashier Koetting \$1,000 of life insurance which she had received after her husband's death.

When the case of Koetting, charged with embezzlement, was called, Koetting's attorney filed an affidavit of prejudice. Judge Wallber announced that he would call in another Judge at the request of District-Attorney Hammill. Judge Wallber appointed Ex-Congressman La Follette of Madison, to assist in the prosecution of the cases against Koetting and other Milwaukee bankers.

"I FORGIVE YOU," HE SAID.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William Shell, a prominent citizen of Bremen, Ga., was accidentally shot and killed by his wife at 10 o'clock the other morning. The day before he traded a 41 calibre Colt's revolver. It was lying on a table near where he was sitting in a chair. Mrs. Shell picked up the pistol and was playing with it and an eighteen-months old baby, when the pistol was discharged.

The ball entered Mr. Shell's right side, near the heart. As he sank back his wife sprang to his side and made frantic efforts to stop the flow of blood.

Mr. Shell grew weaker and weaker. The wife begged him to speak, but when he recovered from the first shock his strength was almost gone. She implored him to forgive her.

"I forgive you," he whispered. These were the only words he uttered after being shot.

Mrs. Shell is prostrated with grief.

EILEEN KARL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most fascinating burlesquers in Rice's production of "1492" is the feature of our theatrical page this week. Eileen Karl is one of the Royal Heralds in that popular entertainment, and the beauty of her face and figure have been the subject of much favorable comment.

"Daddy of Them All." Dixon, the greatest feather-weight boxer that ever lived. Read his wonderful record, published in the "Lives of the Colored Champions." Price, 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



LOVED HIS SOULFUL EYES AND RAVEN LOCKS.

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night she heard a knock at the front door. Thinking it was her husband she opened the door and was immediately grabbed by the arm by a man and her face forced under a coat. Then he dragged her to the floor and tied a sheet twice around her neck and fastened her arms with a sheet and her feet with a piece of carpet.

The thief went up stairs, and while he was at work Mrs. Ace managed to get her head from under the coat and screamed for help.

The burglar ran down the stairs, and, after kicking Mrs. Ace several times and mauling her head, dragged her to the back porch. He then ransacked the house, but found only \$100.

When Mr. Ace returned some time later he found the house wide open and his wife lying half frozen and unconscious on the porch. She is in a very precarious condition and may not recover.

ROBERTS SPANKED HIS WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"He's spanked me regularly since three weeks after our marriage," Mrs. Louisa Roberts said recently in the Quarter Sessions Court, Newark, N. J., while testifying against her husband, Thomas Roberts.

"Spanked you?"

"Yes, just like he would a baby. I'm seventeen years old. We were married last July."

"Tell us what he did on Oct. 24."

"He threw me on the floor and gave me a spanking. I left him and am living with my mother." Roberts was convicted of assault.

PRETTY WOMEN FIGHT FOR LOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two pretty women of Weymouth, N. J., have set all Atlantic County in a flutter of excitement over their furious fight with fists for the affections of a young man of that place, Charles Ford. The girls are cousins, Mrs. Elizabeth Peterson and Miss Rachel

A GAY GYPSY QUEEN.

Marie Schier's Romance and Recent Marriage.

MR. MELS ALLEGES BIGAMY

Coney Island Festivities Which Captivated a Reporter.

NOW THE ROMANCE IS O'ER.

Coney Island last summer developed a case of matrimony between a much-traveled young man and a Cincinnati girl, who was known at that resort as Queen Olive, for she was the presiding genius in the gypsy encampment on Surf avenue.

Her history, as she related it to her husband, according to his story, which is now a matter of court record, is well nigh incredible. The pair were suddenly smitten and as suddenly undecieved. Then came matrimonial jars, accusations, denials, violence and separation. The husband now seeks to prove her a bigamist and wants his marriage annulled. The other day she took steps requiring him to pay her alimony and a sum for counsel fees.

Edgar Mels, the husband, a newspaper man by profession, is well connected. He is residing with his mother at No. 302 State street, Brooklyn. Edgar was the offspring of her first marriage. Her name is Mrs. Jackson, and she is one of the active workers of Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church Congregation. Since attaining his majority, which was not so very long ago, Mels has followed his calling in Africa, where in one of the towns of the Boers Republic he managed the *Transvaal Daily*. Tiring of this he went to the gold fields of Australia, and when he tired of gold mining he packed up and went to London, where he worked on Bennett's *London Herald*. Brooklyn had him next, New York last, and now he has a trip to South America in prospect.

His most recent connection here was with Richard Croker's paper, the *Daily America*, the city editor of which sent him to Coney Island on July 29, to write up a gypsy wedding, which was to take place that evening with all the tribal rites and ceremonies. He sent his report in to the office and stayed with the gypsies, who were going to make a night of it, and in furtherance of that plan they went to a lonely end of Surf avenue, where stands a gloomy old mansion that has been unoccupied for years, and which is known as the haunted house. They were having lots of fun when the solitary watchman down at the end of the island saw lights flitting in the windows. Approaching cautiously and nervously, for he was not free from superstition, he stepped gingerly within the hallway just as one of the revelers in the upper room let a heavy plank fall on the bare floor. The watchman, forgetting the gate, tried to clear the fence, but got mixed up in the palings and, leaving a portion of his clothing on one of the pickets, rolled over to the gutter and fired his pistol for help.

When other officers arrived the party was bagged and taken to the Coney Island lockup, where they stayed until court opened in the morning, when Judge Newton discharged them. Mels enjoyed the adventure immensely, because he was in close contact with pretty Queen Olive for so many hours. From that day on he was a regular visitor at the camp. And August 28, just four weeks from the date of their first meeting, they were married in the Gravesend Methodist Church. The honeymoon was as brief as the courtship was short.

They went to Connecticut, where Mels was taken sick. A move was made to White Plains, N. Y., where Mels health did not improve, and he came to this city for treatment at the New York Hospital. Getting no better, he left that institution on Oct. 7 and went with his wife to a boarding house at 211 Livingston street, Brooklyn. There he grew worse, exhibiting, he says his physician told him, symptoms of copperas poisoning. As an addition to his misery his wife now began to worry him by words and actions, going so far on one occasion, he alleges, as to threaten him with a revolver. She told him, he states, that she was born in Cincinnati. Her maiden name was Marie Schier and her father, Herman Schier, was a hat and cap manufacturer, living at No. 479 Vine street and doing business at 51 Pearl, in that city. She was educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

In 1885, when she was sixteen years old, she married a Cincinnati contractor named Henry Bohne, by whom she had a girl baby. When the child was a few months old she and her husband moved to Wichita, Kan. After living there for a year and a half Mels says she eloped to Ft. Scott with an Italian named Sauverini. There she met John Ranger, a former stable boss for her husband, with whom she became very friendly and soon afterward Sauverini died from the effects of poison administered by whom or how was never ascertained, although the police made every effort to trace the case down, going so far as to arrest the woman on suspicion and hold her in \$5,000 bail. Not a particle of evidence was found against her. Her wanderings next took her on a horseback journey across the Missouri State line, to Medicine Loop, when she joined a traveling tent dramatic show and became a fortune-telling gypsy, a calling that she has followed ever since under the title of Queen Olive.

In St. Louis she again met John Ranger and, it is alleged, went with him to Attica, N. Y., where she became acquainted with Wesley Ranger, brother of John, and married him in 1890. She left him eight months later on discovering that her husband had a wife elsewhere, and went to Buffalo, where she played in the Wonderland Theatre until a shooting scrape occurred about a girl named Mabel Hall. She then

went to Brooklyn, where a dime museum proprietor named Freed, on being rejected by her, blew his brains out. From that time on she ran a gypsy camp at Coney Island in summer and during the winter made Southern trips.

Mrs. Mels, or Queen Olive, is a marvelously pretty young woman of the type that it might be stated to which photographs never do justice. When called upon the other day at her residence, No. 211 Livingston street, she listened with an amused expression to her history as it had been recited by her husband. At times she laughed heartily, and said when the story was finished:

"Well, Edgar is a funny fellow. He is trying now, you know, to prove me a bigamist, but he will have a hard time doing it. We would have been all right if his mother had not interfered. I stood it from her until it became unbearable, and I said something cross to her and then Edgar took me by the throat and nearly choked me to death."

Mr. Herman Schier, who is the father of the erratic young woman who now calls herself Olive, the Gypsy Queen, was interviewed at his home at 479 Vine street, Cincinnati, recently.

Mr. Schier is well known among Cincinnati business men as a successful and highly respected salesman of hats. He is employed by H. Jorling & Co., of No. 51 West Pearl street, and has a retail store at 479 Vine, over which is his residence.

He was very averse to having his name mentioned in the newspapers, but readily told all he knew concerning his daughter's history. It was, as far as it went, a practical verification of the allegations of Queen Olive's latest husband. Olive's real name is Marie Schier. Mr. Schier has not seen her nor heard from her directly for ten years.

When she was 15 years old she was married, in girlish impulse, to Henry Bohne, a carpenter and builder, who now lives in Cumminsville. She went with him

work on the neighboring farms had laid in wait, expecting Mrs. Bohne to be supplied with money. She had been visiting her sister in Riverhead, as she does frequently, and she has never hesitated to drive home alone at any hour she sees fit, and has never before been molested.

There have been a number of unemployed strangers in this part of Long Island the past few weeks, and citizens are apprehensive lest an organized band of thieves and thugs is "working the island."

The police are giving the matter close attention, and will probably investigate the business of loading and unemployed strangers hereafter.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Will Harvey and Thomas Wilson, sons of prominent people of Okego, a few miles down the Kalamazoo river, Kalamazoo, Mich., have been storing their minds recently with the contents of dime novels on Western outlawry, and became imbued with desires to do some thrilling and desperate deed.

The other afternoon Charlie Mattson, aged twelve years, for some trivial cause, fell under the ban of their displeasure, and the two older boys decided to offer him up as a burnt offering. They induced him to accompany them up the river bank to the vicinity of the dam on the pretense of looking after some traps they had set.

They took Harry Patrick, aged ten years, along with them.

When they arrived at a secluded spot the young fiends bound the Mattson boy to a tall sapling and proceeded to gag him, tying a handkerchief over his mouth so that his screams could not be heard. They then kindled a fire about his feet and stood back to watch their victim's struggles.

Young Patrick protested, but says he was threatened with being thrown into the river if he did not keep

still. Soon Mattson's overcoat took fire at the bottom, and it was evident that he was suffering frightfully from terror and pain. The Patrick boy could stand the horrible scene no longer, and dashing forward with his knife he cut the cord that bound his young playmate and liberated him.

Frightened almost out of his wits Mattson threw off his burning overcoat



GYPSIES' FESTIVITIES AT CONEY ISLAND.

to Wichita, Kas., and since then her parents have never heard from her. Bohne returned to Cincinnati, and, four or five years afterward, on the advice of Mr. Schier, procured a divorce on the ground of unlawful absence. He has since married again.

About two weeks ago Mr. Schier received a letter from an attorney in New York, asking him if his daughter had ever been divorced from Bohne. He made an investigation and found that a decree had been granted on May 20, 1891.

PRETTY WOMEN HUG A JURY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some months ago Miss Mary Clancy, a Memphis, Tenn., agent for the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company, was charged by the officers of the company at St. Louis with embezzlement and forgery. The first charge fell to the ground because the corporation had no existence under the laws of Tennessee. The forgery charge was on trial for several days. Miss Clancy admitted that she forged names to contracts for the purchase of machines, but pleaded not guilty to the general charge. The trial lasted three days and resulted the other morning in an acquittal. The courtroom was thronged with women and the jury was embraced by them after bringing in the verdict. Miss Clancy has been confined in jail three months awaiting trial.

WASNT AFRAID OF BULLETS.

Mrs. Harriett T. Downes, of Aqueduct, left Riverhead, L. I., with a horse and wagon at ten o'clock the other night to drive home.

On Brook Hill she was confronted by two highwaymen, who, revolvers in hand, sprang from the bushes, one attempting to seize the horse's head and the other to pull her from the vehicle. With great presence of mind she applied the whip, at the same time dropping her purse to the bottom of the wagon.

The horse cleared the fellows at a jump and soon left them behind. They shouted for her to stop, and fired a half dozen shots, without effect.

Her husband is Charles A. Downes, a wealthy farmer, and there is an impression that certain Poles who

and ran. The young outlaws, angered at his release, seized the rescuer and served him as they had the first victim.

His clothes were on fire from the flames about his legs and the brave lad would soon have paid the penalty of his chivalrous rescue of his companion with his life, when a farmer, who had met the Mattson boy and heard his incoherent story, arrived on the scene and snatched him from his awful position.

His legs were so badly burned that he was unable to walk, and he had inhaled some of the smoke. He is in a painful condition, and action against his tormentors is delayed pending the result of his injuries. He will probably recover. The families of all are well known and the affair has caused a great sensation.

The older boys do not seem to realize the enormity of their crime, and had not help arrived there is little doubt that the stake burnings practiced by the Potawatomi Indians in that vicinity many years ago would have been repeated.

SHOT BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A story comes from Glasgow, a town in the centre of the cattle industry in the northern part of Montana, in which a handsome, dashing and popular cowboy, a young and beautiful wife and an old and a jealous husband are the principal figures.

The other night there was a dance at the Cowan House, at Malta, at which all the cowboys and all the ladies within a radius of miles were present. Lem Branson, the handsome cowboy, was there, as was John Wherry, forty-two years old, morbid and jealous, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, aged twenty-five. At 1 o'clock Branson stepped from the dining-room that was being utilized as a dance-room to the kitchen to get a glass of water. Mrs. Wherry was also in the kitchen eating candy.

After drinking, Branson accepted some of the proffered candy and was eating it when a bullet crashed through the window and grazed his head. He ran through the hall to the front door. Just as he was emerging from the lighted hall, Wherry who had run around the house, took another shot at him. Blinded by his madness, the shot went wide of the mark.

Branson pulled his revolver and opened fire. He could not see Wherry, but fired at the flash of his weapon. The bullet found no lodgment, however.

The next shot from Wherry's revolver went through the shoulder of Branson, knocking him down and the revolver from his hand. Branson recovered the weapon and emptied the three remaining charges with his left hand at his antagonist. All the shots were futile.

Branson is in a precarious condition and the jealous husband has surrendered.

FUN WITH THE CITIZENS.

Two bright young women, of Fort Wayne, went to Chicago the other day with their father, a prosperous merchant of that city. The daughters are but little more than girls, but they are very pretty girls, and clever and mischievous Indiana girls, too. Their numerous visits to Chicago have opened their eyes to many of the nimble phases of metropolitan life. The father and daughters went to the Grand Pacific hotel, where they obtained rooms on the Jackson street front. They spent the morning shopping and were tired. The father was too busy until train time. The girls said they would remain in their rooms during the two remaining hours and rest. So the father went his way, and the pretty vivacious sisters asked each other, after the fatigue was gone, what was going to happen next.

Just opposite the hotel is the great office building of the Western Union Telegraph Company. A little city is employed there, and it is a frequent thing for dapper young men and lively old men, too, to stand beside the windows and scan with peculiar expectancy the hotel windows opposite. Just at the particular time the other day that a self-confident young man stood twirling his blond moustache by a window, he spied a laughing face opposite that belonged to one of those Indiana girls. She spied him, too, and in a few minutes she had summoned her sister and he the head bookkeeper, and the situation was interesting. Some thing like this happened in a fast-increasing number of other buildings of the office building, where old men who pass in business circles as sedate individuals, and young men who pride themselves on their own general effect, stood, each unconscious of the others' like situation, bowing, smiling, and waving hands at these Indiana girls. The latter, by using several windows and deftly swinging the blinds, impressed each smirking individual opposite that he was, just at that moment, the only real fascinator in the world.

To the hidden occupants of the rooms in the hotel the scene in some thirty of the windows opposite was highly entertaining.

It all resulted in each man considering himself especially invited to quietly come over to the hotel parlor. Coats were doctored, hats and clothing brushed; moustaches were curled, and hair, if the happy man had enough, carefully brushed. Then, one by one, these old and young married and unmarried office occupants began to emerge from the great doorway.

Some went around to the La Salle and Clark street entrances. Others slipped across to the general side entrance. Now and then a determined man walked straight across to the ladies' entrance. On both corners are vendors of chrysanthemums. A happy thought seemed to strike almost every one of these gentlemen and the flower market took a lively turn.

Attendants in the hotel bar wondered what caused a sudden influx from all directions of men, each with two and three huge chrysanthemums. Each wanted a bracing decoction, and wanted it quick, as if about to do something desperate. There was a ripple of uneasiness on the faces of the blossom carriers as they glared at each other and now and then nodded hurriedly at an acquaintance, as if to ask: "What are you doing here?"

Guards in the hotel noticed blossom bearers on the main staircase. They met them in the elevator, on the ladies' staircase. The same men who had touched elbows at the bar and scowled at each other's handsome chrysanthemums, regarded each other with scorn in the upstairs hallways. Pretty soon there was a score of fidgety men with two score of blossoms, sitting on the edges of the furniture in the connecting parlors, twirling their flowers or their hats uneasily, while at least ten more were scattered about the halls casting furtive glances at this unusual gathering.

Just then a distinguished-looking gentleman with gray hair, who seemed to be suppressing laughter with great difficulty and whose eyes twinkled merrily, stepped in, put his overcoat and satchel on the table, and stood as if expecting someone. In a moment the two pretty, mischievous faces of the Indiana girls appeared, chic in jaunty hats and furs, and carrying little satchels. They glanced quickly about and then at each other as they stood in a doorway.

"Come, father," said one, half stifled with laughter. "We're all ready. You know we never keep anybody waiting."

Peals of dainty laughter, in which a resonant bass seemed to be harmonious, rang from the descending elevator. Five minutes later a lot of half-concealed chrysanthemums were being sneaked across the street. Business was so pressing just then that thirty or forty men wouldn't speak even to old acquaintances.

NOVEL GROUND FOR DIVORCE.

A novel ground for divorce was alleged in the case of Ida M. Zeller against her husband, Samuel Zeller, in Reading, Pa. She asks for a separation on the ground of ill-treatment, and in her testimony before the examiner deposed that the ill treatment consisted of his constantly getting up at night and threatening to commit suicide. On several occasions, she said, he left her room and later knocked at the door. When she answered she found an effigy dressed in his clothes hanging by a rope, which greatly frightened her. He would also hang effigies around the yard and place figures of men in chairs in the house at night to frighten her when she came home. These occurrences made her life burdensome and affected her health, and she left him. The divorce was granted.

Budd Doble, who has been a trotting driver for many years, and who used to pilot Goldsmith Maid long before any one dreamed of 2:04 being the trotting mark for a mile, made quite a successful season on the turf. His stable won \$60,000.

CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC MIXTURE.

Cures Gonorrhea.

For sale by all druggists.

Rich, Rare, Racy, "A She Devil," No. 12 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Spicy text and humorous pungent illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address: RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



PRETTY WOMEN HUG A JURY.

A VERY SENSATIONAL SCENE IN A MEMPHIS, TENN., COURT ROOM AFTER THE ACQUITTAL OF AN ALLEGED FEMALE FORGER.



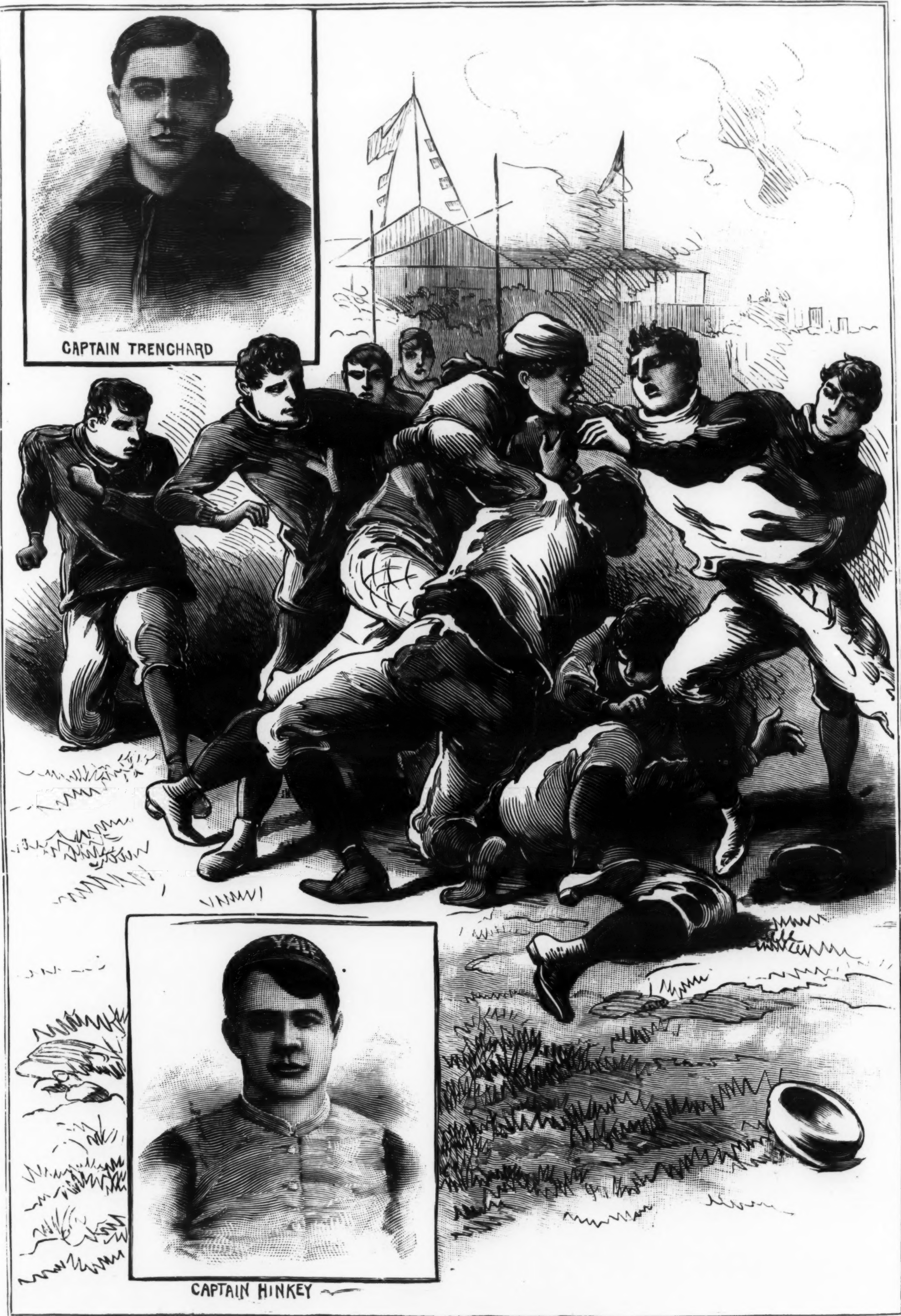
SHOT BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

COWBOY BRANSON WAS TOO ATTENTIVE TO PRETTY MRS. WHERRY TO SUIT HER FIERY HUSBAND, AT A DANCE IN MALTA, MONT.



ROBERTS SPANKED HIS WIFE.

A PRETTY BRIDE TELLS A NEWARK, N. J., COURT THAT HUBBY TREATED HER JUST LIKE A BABY,



TIGERS RUSH TO VICTORY.

YALE DEFEATED BY THE PRINCETON TEAM IN THE GREAT AND EXCITING GAME OF FOOTBALL ON THANKSGIVING DAY, BY A SCORE OF 6 TO 0.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

ALL THE CHAMPIONS USE THE
POLICE GAZETTE
STANDARD BOXING GLOVES

CHAMPION—Tan or Brown Kid.
Two, Four, Five, Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$7.50.

EXHIBITION—White or Brown Kid. Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$6.00.

AMATEUR—White Kid Only. Six and Eight Ounce. Price, Per Set of Four, \$4.00.

The Best Made and Finest Glove in the Market.

Made from the best quality kid and stuffed with the finest grade of curled hair. Every glove absolutely perfect. No gloves sent C. O. D. Cash must accompany all orders. Address

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

The following special cables were received at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week:

LONDON, Nov. 29, 1923.
RICHARD K. FOX—The National Sporting Club intends to secure the contest arranged between Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett. The question of the amount of purse they will offer will be decided upon at the next meeting. Both Jackson and Corbett have agreed to fight in the club if the purse is satisfactory. Should George Dixon and Billy Plimmer arrange a match the National Club will also offer a purse and try to secure the contest. Sandow sailed for New York. On his arrival he will meet James W. Kennedy, Louis Cyr or any man in America in feats of strength.

LONDON, Nov. 30, 1923.
RICHARD K. FOX—John Loria, the American champion rifle and pistol shot, has challenged Capt. F. S. Culy to shoot with rifle and revolver, legitimate shooting, British or French army rules, for £100 to £500 and the championship of the world. Loria agrees to shoot against any man in the world upon same terms, match to be decided in New York, London or Paris.

LONDON, Dec. 1, 1923.
RICHARD K. FOX—In reply to the challenge of Jack Dempsey to Dick Burge, the latter says he is matched to fight Nickless for £400 and will not entertain any proposition from Dempsey, but if Dempsey's backer means business and will forward £100 forfeit to the Sporting Life for a match for £500 or £1,000 to take place in England, Burge will arrange a match to fight six weeks after his battle with Nickless, but he will have no more humbugging. Dempsey must either fight or forfeit any money posted with Sporting Life.

LONDON, Dec. 2.
Arrangements have been made in Paris for an international bicycle race from Paris to Marseilles and return. The first prize is to be of a value of £400, second £300, third £100 and fourth £50. Corra, Bass, Pautrat, Echard have already notified committee they will enter.

Ted Fritchard not having received an acceptance of his challenge from Dan Creedon, the Australian middle-weight champion, is now open to box anybody in England for from £200 up to £500 a side.

Jockey Fred Taral signed an agreement recently to ride for Messrs. Keene for two years.

The athletic exhibition which was to have taken place at the Rockaway Beach Athletic Club was postponed, owing to the interference of District Attorney Fleming.

Marty Bergen's accident when exercising his colt, Pecksniff, at Clinton, recently, is more serious than was at first supposed. It is feared he will have to undergo an operation on his leg.

Parson Davies, the manager of Peter Jackson, writes that they will leave for England the latter part of April, so that Jackson can prepare for his fight with Corbett. Judging from the letter their fight will take place across the water.

On Nov. 25, at Manchester, England, the Manchester November Handicap was won. It was won by Mr. M. D. Peacock's four-year-old chestnut gelding Golden Drop, Colonel North's five-year-old bay horse Simonian was second, and the Duke of Beaufort's three-year-old bay colt Son-of-a-Gun was third.

The following officers have been nominated for election by the Athletic Club Schuykill Navy: President, Edwin J. Houston; Vice-President (one to be elected), Colonel A. J. Drexel; Henry G. Francis and Colonel Wylie T. Wilson; Secretary, Gordon S. Carrigan; Treasurer, M. A. Furbish, and Captain, Thomas H. Cameron.

A prize fight between James Gallagher and Jack Malone, for \$500 a side, took place on a boat at a point up the Monongahela River beyond the city limits of Pittsburgh, Pa., on Nov. 27. The fight was a hot one for six rounds, with honors about even. In the seventh round Malone was knocked out by a hard right-hander on the neck.

Charley Wagner writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he has a \$2,000 dog, a full brother to Jack Napoleon, that he would like to match to fight against any dog in America at 45 pounds for \$250 or \$500 a side, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Wagner agrees to cover any deposit posted with the POLICE GAZETTE and arrange a match.

The big billiard match for \$22,000 between Frank Ives and Jake Schaefer is off. If such is the case Abe Levi, who closed for Ives, will have to lose his forfeit of \$500, which was posted when the match was made, to Leo Meyer. When seen Ives stated that the match was not necessarily off, but he felt as if he ought to have something to say in the making of matches for himself. It is pretty generally conceded, however, that the big match is off.

In the arena of the Lima Athletic Club, on Nov. 24, Charley Yokes, of Covington, and Charley Smasher, of Louisville, fought for the lightweight championship of Kentucky. After a lively contest from 11 o'clock until 4:30 in the morning, Yokes was knocked out. Seventy-nine rounds were fought. An effort was made by the Y. M. C. A. to stop the fight. An injunction was applied for, but it was denied by Judge Mitchell after hearing the evidence.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

ASHLAND, Wis., Nov. 28.
Johnny Van Heest has arrived here from New York, and two well-known sporting men of this place will back him to fight George Dixon at 115 pounds for \$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" bet and the featherweight championship of the world. If Thomas O'Rourke, Dixon's backer, will post a deposit \$1,000 forfeit will be forwarded to cover the money.

Harry Pickford, of the National Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has issued a challenge to fight Billy Buff, of Pittsburgh, Pa., at sixty-five pounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 a side. Pickford states that he will meet Buff any time on due notice at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match. Pickford has engaged in several fights. He fought Billy Dow six rounds, Joe Farrell, whom he defeated in three rounds, and Jack Lawlor, whom he defeated in six rounds. He stands 4 feet 8 inches in height.

The great cannon-ball catching match between John Hottum, the champion cannon-ball catcher of the world, and Charles F. Blatt, the champion of America, who were recently matched to catch cannon balls with one and both hands for \$500 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship trophy and the championship of the world, has been postponed until January by mutual consent. The contest was to have been decided in this city this month, but Hottum had an opportunity

to fill an engagement at \$500 per week in San Francisco, and Blatt agreed to a postponement.

Johnny Van Heest announces that he will never enter the ring again unless with George Dixon, Billy Smith or Ike Weir. "Smith defeated me in San Francisco," Van Heest said, "but there was something wrong. What it was I do not know, but I know that I was not right, and I am more convinced than ever that I can beat him. He is the only man that has ever gained a victory over me, and I am anxious to wipe out that defeat." Smith is averse to meeting Van Heest except at 115 pounds, just two pounds under Van Heest's figure. Van Heest is now living at Ashland, Wis.

The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

LOS ANGELES, N. M., Nov. 29.
A prize fight has been arranged here between Arthur Edwards of Los Vegas, and Jim Flynn, the welterweight champion of New Mexico. Articles have been signed for the men to fight at 140 pounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$1,000. The fight will be decided in an amphitheatre, which is to be erected, on Dec. 27. Flynn has fought seventeen battles and never met with but one defeat, when Charley Johnson whipped him.

Billy Plimmer, the 110 pound champion pugilist of the world, is still eager to meet George Dixon. Plimmer said that he will agree to fight the colored lad at the bantam weight limit, weigh in at the ring side, for any reasonable purse the Duval Athletic Club, of Jacksonville, Fla., may offer and any amount of money Dixon may want to bet. "I think," continued the little champion, "that this is a very fair proposition. I defeated Dixon easily once, and I am quite confident I can do so again. Dixon never gave a second chance to any man he ever defeated but I am willing to give him a show." There is only one way for Plimmer to reach the championship goal or attempt to win the featherweight premiership that Dixon holds. He should agree to meet Dixon at the weight governing the featherweight championship, which is 115 pounds. Dixon is compelled to defend his title at that weight, but he is not obliged to respond to any challenge unless the challenger conforms with the laws that govern the belt.

Michael J. Scanlan, who claims to be the champion strong man of New England, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with Duncan C. Ross, and Sergeant Walsh, of Boston, and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1923.
RICHARD K. FOX—I hereby challenge Charles Jefferson, of Clinton, Mass., to a trial of endurance for \$250 a side, with dumbbells weighing 50 pounds, 75 pounds and 100 pounds, each bell to be elevated arm's length from the shoulder by a slow shove and brought down to the shoulder each time, each contestant to stand within one foot of a wall and do all his work without bending the knees or raising the heels from the floor. Three rules will avoid any cause of dispute and make the duties of the referee very simple.

The winner of two out of three bells is to take the stakes. A deposit with the POLICE GAZETTE will secure a match.

M. J. SCANLAN.

The long-pending dog duel between a white brindle, owned by Henry S. Riley, of Brooklyn, and John, a black dog from Boston, owned by Patrick Mullins, of Brooklyn, took place in New Jersey on Nov. 28. They fought at 35 pounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side. After 2½ hours of fighting the referee said he would allow them to struggle 15 minutes longer, and if there was no turn then he would separate them. Time was the stronger, but if the referee carried out his decision it would be of advantage to the black dog. At the end of the allotted time the referee separated the dogs and they were taken to their corners to be sponged. Then the fight was resumed, both animals appearing refreshed. There was another long spell of terrific fighting, and then it was time for a scratch. It was time's turn, and when the referee called the dogs to the scratch, Mullins picked up John and claimed the fight. There was pandemonium in an instant, the backers of time claiming that they were being unfairly deprived of the victory. The referee in the meantime had decided that John won. The time of the fight was 4 hours and 18 minutes.

The great race in which Directum was to trot against Saladin, the pacer, was decided at the old Point Breeze track, Philadelphia, on Nov. 27. Saladin has a record of 2:06½ for pacing, and Directum 2:06½ for trotting. The race was the result of a wager between Monroe Salisbury, who owns Directum's racing qualities, and James B. Green, Saladin's handler and part owner. Salisbury laid \$5,000 to \$2,500 that his horse would win a three in five race, and the Philadelphia Driving Park Association added \$5,000, which went to the winner. Directum won after Saladin secured the first heat in time remarkably fast considering the date and the season of the year. The time, 2:10½, 2:10½, 2:11½, 2:12, constitutes the fastest four-heat race ever decided in Philadelphia. Summary:

Match Race—For \$7,500, with \$2,500 added by the association; mile heats.

Directum (trotter) blk c, by Directum—Stemwinder, 2 1 1 1
by Venture (Kelly) 1 2 2 2
Saladin (pacer), br s, by Saladin—Kia Lewis (Green) 1 2 2 2

Quarter.	Half.	Three-quarters.	Time.
First heat..... 0:31½	1:04	1:37½	2:10½
Second heat..... 0:32½	1:05	1:37	2:10½
Third heat..... 0:33½	1:06	1:38½	2:11½
Fourth heat..... 0:33	1:06½	1:39½	2:12

R. C. Pate, the well-known veteran turfman, who owns the race track in the city of Mexico, sends the following special to Richard K. Fox:

MEXICO, Dec. 1, 1923.
RICHARD K. FOX—The authorities here claim there is no more harm in two gladiators boxing with gloves, or engaging in a public battle encounter than a bull fight. Acting on this suggestion a syndicate here, in which I am interested, will, in the event of Mitchell and Corbett being prevented from meeting in Florida, offer a purse of \$20,000 for the men to fight for, and allow them reasonable expenses for training. The syndicate will agree that you hold the purse and arrange all details for the contest. Should Mitchell and Corbett fail to bring off the contest in Florida, notify me and every arrangement will be made to settle the matter to take place on my race track or in the bull arena.

Richard K. Fox also received the following from St. Louis, Mo.:
RICHARD K. FOX—R. C. Pate, who owns the race track in the city of Mexico, and stands close to the Mexican government, telegraphs me, should Corbett and Mitchell fight fall through at Jacksonville I can arrange it here. Notify Brady and Mitchell.

A. H. SPIKE, Editor Sporting News.

THREE GOOD BOUTS.

Three well contested glove fights were fought under the auspices of the Stag Athletic Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 27. The opening bout was for 8 rounds at catch weights, Matt De Lacey, of Brooklyn, and Jack Whitford, National A. C. being the opposing twain. In the first round Whitford had all the best of it, punching Matt at will and nearly putting him out with a savage right-hander. De Lacey hit Whitford in the neck twice in the seventh round, and then broke his nose with a right-hander. Jack punched Matt on the neck and nearly put him out. The crowd yelled, and the police stopped the fight on account of the noise. Referee Ward called it a draw.

The second bout was for 8 rounds at 135 pounds, and Fred Miller, of New York, and Mike Martin, National A. C. of Brooklyn, were the contestants. Martin had a slight advantage in the first three rounds, but from that out it was apparently Miller's fight. He had Martin groggy and bleeding in the last two rounds, but the referee gave Martin the decision, to the surprise of the spectators.

Young Cook, of Brooklyn, and Charley Kelly, of New York, met in an 8-round go at 110 pounds. Cook sent Kelly to his knees in the first round, which set the crowd to yelling wildly. The Gothamite then got his bearings and punched Cook hard. In the third round Kelly nearly put Cook out with a left-hander. Then Charley back-heeled Cook, and the crowd yelled and hissed. Kelly then smashed Cook on the jaw and sent him to the floor. Time, 1 minute 15 seconds.

You Should Learn to Box. The best and most complete treatise on "Boxing and How to Train" with illustrations. Price by mail 25 cents. **RICHARD K. FOX,** Publisher Franklin Square New York.

TIGERS RUSH TO VICTORY.

Princeton Triumphs Over Yale
at Football.

INCIDENTS OF THE GAME.

[SCENE OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The great inter-collegiate football game between Yale College football eleven, of New Haven, Conn., and Princeton College eleven of Princeton, N. J., was decided on Manhattan Field, New York, on Nov. 30. Over thirty thousand spectators were present, many having traveled thousands of miles to witness the great contest. Thousands of dollars were wagered on the game, Yale being the favorite at \$100 to \$70. Both sides were confident and money was wagered at the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman and St. James Hotel in hundreds. The teams lined up as follows:

Yale.	Position.	Princeton.
Greenway.....	Right end.....	Trenchard.
Beard.....	Right tackle.....	Lea.
Hickok.....	Right guard.....	Taylor.
Stittman.....	Center.....	Baillet.
McCrea.....	Left guard.....	Whosier.
Murphy.....	Left tackle.....	Holy.
Hinkey.....	Left end.....	Brown.
Alice.....	Quarter back.....	King.
Thorne.....	Left half.....	Morse.
Armstrong.....	Right half.....	Ward.
Butterworth.....	Full back.....	Blake.
Umpleire—Mr. Duaneil.	Referee—Mr. Brooks.	

Princeton won the toss and chose the ball. Yale took the west goal. The buzzing of the multitude ceased as Phil King on bonded knees called out the signals and ten stalwart Tigers dashed at full speed toward Yale's center. King did not release the ball but joined in the run, and when the mass of human forms had resolved itself into separate entities King was twenty yards nearer Yale's goal. It was a successful wedge, and Princeton's supporters yelled themselves hoarse. The Tigers were not long in possession of the ball, as King fumbled on the next pass and Hickok secured it.

Thorne was tried through the centre, but Lea broke through the line and tackled him before he could start to run, and Yale lost two yards. The New Haven boys lined up for what was expected to be a flying wedge, but Butterworth dropped behind the backs in the pass and punted for 30 yards. Morse made a good catch, but was downed in his tracks. Phil King signaled for Ward to buck the centre, and the game little Tiger plunged through Yale's line for 5 yards.

A fumble gave the ball to Yale, but they immediately lost it on off-side play. Princeton next tried a run around the end. Morse had the ball and he easily evaded Greenway and ran 25 yards, when Beard tackled him. The ball was well into Yale's territory and Princeton routers were jubilant, almost shouting themselves hoarse. The boys from Jersey tried the centre twice without avail and then Blake punted to the New Haven team's 5-yard line. Thorne got the ball, but was downed before he could gain. Excitement ran high.

The wearers of the orange and black kept up a continual shouting, while the Yale enthusiasts gave encouraging cheers to their favorites. Armstrong was tried for the centre, but King dived through the line and tackled him beautifully before he could gain an inch. Yale then tried one of her new tricks, which worked successfully.

The backs and tackles moved several yards back from the line, and Butterworth lined up behind them, presumably for a punt. When the ball was passed to him he followed the backs and tackles, who ran at full speed at Princeton's centre, and finding an opening he got through for 3 yards. A poor punt by Butterworth sent the ball to Ward, Morse then circled Hinkey's end for 15 yards. The ball, however, went to Yale for holding on the line. Butterworth was given the leather for a punt, and he sent it flying for 35 yards to Blake. The latter made a pretty catch and started to run towards Yale's goal.

Hinkey tried to tackle the Princetonian, but his head came in contact with Blake's and he was thrown heavily to the ground, while Armstrong threw Blake. A big gasp was cut in the Yale captain's head, from which the blood spurted in several streams. He was carried off the field, but five minutes later he was back and resumed play. His head was bandaged, but he appeared none the worse for the injury received.

When play was resumed Blake punted for twenty-five yards to Butterworth, who dodged away from King and ran thirty-five yards before Wheeler downed him. Yale lost the ball for holding in the line, and then Princeton started in with some vim. Morse was sent at Beard and landed six yards from where he started.

On another run he went through the center for eight yards and then Ward was tried through the center. He, too, succeeded in gaining eight yards. The ball was now on Yale's thirty-yard line and everything looked rosy for the "Tigers." The Yale boys, however, braced themselves and Princeton was unable to gain more than two yards on the next two rushes. Blake then punted high and the ball landed in Butterworth's hands on Yale's fifteen yard line. The Yale full back returned the ball by a good punt to the center of the field. The Tigers again braced themselves and the backs were sent alternately through Beard for short gains.

The oval was now on Yale's twenty-five-yard line and the Tigers were playing desperately. Yale appeared to be weakening as she was unable to stop the Princeton boys from gaining. Ward, Morse and Blake lined up ten feet from behind the line. King passed the ball to Morse. He quickly passed it to Ward and the lead with the sunburst hair dashed through Yale's center for ten yards. He gained three yards more on the next rush and the ball was dangerously near Yale's goal line.

The Princeton backs lined up as before and Ward again went through Yale's line, but only for two yards. Morse then tried the same thing, but Yale's team braced itself and for a few moments the Princeton half-back was in the air, but Wheeler shoved him over the heads of the boys in blue and he landed within a yard of Yale's line.

It was then that the Princeton enthusiasts let themselves loose, and the shouting continued for fully three minutes. A touchdown for Princeton was almost within grasp, but in the next rush Yale held them safe. The ball should have gone to Yale, but McCrea and Hickok were off side and Princeton was given the ball and it was counted as one yard. Captain Trenchard then massed his backs together, and with a rush Ward was sent through the centre for a touchdown amid the cheers of thousands of Princeton routers.

The Princeton players were immediately surrounded by crachers and substitutes and hugged and slapped on the back. The scene was one of the wildest excitement. Phil King punted the ball out and Trenchard caught and took it back eight yards. King then tried for the goal. He made an attempt to kick the ball, and as the Yale line rushed towards him he struck his toe in the ground amid laughter from the Princeton routers. On the next attempt he touched the ball gently with his toe and it barely skimmed over the cross-bar for a goal. Score: Princeton 6, Yale 0. Thorne, of Yale, was injured and his place was taken by Hart.

Yale started with a flying wedge, but Armstrong, who had the ball only gained seven yards. Three times was Butterworth tried through the centre and each time his cell-like form wriggled through Princeton's centre for short gains. Then Armstrong tried to get by Taylor, but the latter threw his man back of the line. It was three down for Yale, and instead of punting Butterworth tried the end but Brown nailed him a few yards back of the line and the ball went to the Tigers on four downs.

The oval was now in Princeton's thirty-yard line, but they soon worked it up the field on center rushes by Morse and Ward. After the leather had been worked up to Yale's thirty-five-yard line, off-side play lost it for Princeton. The Tigers soon regained it, as off-side play by Hickok gave it to the Tigers. Blake punted and Butterworth caught the ball, but was downed before he could gain a yard. Princeton then got the ball on four downs and Ward circled Hinkey's end for five yards. Time was the called, with the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line. Score at the end of the first half: Princeton 6, Yale 0.

After fifteen minutes' intermission the teams made their re-appearance. There were no changes on either side. Yale opened with the ball and Hart was pushed through the center for five yards. The new man was tried again, but he was unsuccessful, and after failing to gain on two more attempts the ball went to the Tigers. Off-side play gave the pigskin to the New Haven boys after Princeton had one chance.

Armstrong, Hart and Butterworth each took turns in running with the ball, but the latter was the only one of the trio who could make any headway. The Yale full back on two downs kicked to Princeton's fifteen-yard line, where King caught it. The ball passed between the two eleven's repeatedly on off-side play and fumbling. Princeton finally captured the ball in Yale's forty-yard line on a fumble by Adeo. They worked it up the field gradually, and then they tried a new wedge.

The ball went to Ward, and when he started to run Beard and Hickok came together with terrible force. The former was stunned and received an ugly cut in the head. He was detached up and resumed playing in a few minutes. The Tigers were playing with considerable vim and they kept the boys in blue hustling. First the center was tried with the ball in Morse's possession and the Tiger half back gained eight yards.

Then Greenway's end was tried by Morse and eight yards more was the result. It was only play for the Princeton half back and when next he received the ball he dashed towards the silent Hinkey. "Phil" King was at his comrade's side and he cleverly warded off the Yale captain, while Morse kept on down the field. McCrea tackled him after he had gone thirty yards.

The ball was lost by Princeton for holding. Butterworth made a good punt and sent it well into Princeton's territory, but Blake retaliated in kind and the pigskin landed almost in the same spot whence it came. Trenchard then tried big Lea through the center, but his only reward was a heavy fall, with ten or twelve players piled on top of him. He was injured in the stomach. Lea continued to play after being given a short rest.

Phil King next took a hand at the ball, and his college chums witnessed one of his old-time runs. He started for Hinkey's end and ran 20 yards. He ran out of bounds or he would have scored a touchdown. Trenchard interfered beautifully, but Hinkey struck him in the eye, raising a lump.

The oval was on Yale's 10-yard line, and another touchdown looked certain for Princeton, but Wheeler spoiled whatever chance his side had by being off side when the ball was in play. Butterworth sent the ball to the middle of the field by a good punt and King made a pretty catch. Wheeler was given a turn with the ball twice, and both times he made his gains, but only for short distances.

Ward then circled the end for fifteen yards when he was downed by McCrea. Little by little Princeton worked the ball near Yale's goal, and when she had it on the five-yard line lost it for off-side play. Yale could not make much progress and Butterworth was compelled to punt on three downs.

Again Wheeler was sent through the centre, but two yards was all he could make. Slowly but surely Princeton again worked the ball into Yale's territory until they had it on the four-yard line. They could get it no further, however, as the Yale team braced up and held its opponents safe, winning the ball on four downs. Butterworth was sent through the centre three times, making but short gains, and when time was called the ball was on Yale's twelve-yard line. Final score: Princeton 6, Yale 0.

DICK O'BRIEN WHIPS JACK MAGEE.

Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me., and Jack Magee, fought in the Metropolitan Club, for a purse of \$1,500 on Nov. 27. The men were matched at catch weights. Before the fight Billy Smith challenged the winner of the contest for \$5,000 a side. Smith said he would meet any man at 140 pounds for that amount of money. Stanton Abbott also had his fighting blood up, and challenged Jack Falvey to a finish fight.

The betting was \$100 to \$70 on O'Brien before the men came into the ring.

Joe Brown, the old-time master of ceremonies of the Gladstone Club, was in the ring in that capacity. O'Brien was seconded by Aleck Greenglass and the Sears brothers, while Magee's interests were looked after by three of his Boston friends.

The fight was opened by O'Brien, who landed on Magee's jaw. He followed this up with vigorous punching. After the first minute and a half the fight developed into a give and take.

Magee got back at O'Brien in the latter part of the first with good effect. Things were about even in the first, but if anything they were a little in favor of Magee.

In the second round O'Brien came up very spunky. He opened and again landed on Magee's jaw. This he followed up with some rib ticklers.

Magee retaliated in good form. Both men got in hard work. Each was prone to clinch, which caused a good deal of labor for referee Brown.

O'Brien made some terrific lunges at Magee, and narrowly escaped landing some heavy right-handers.

The fight became so hard that both men appeared to abandon science for punching of the rough-and-tumble order. It was an even thing in this round.

The third round found O'Brien smashing right and left at Magee. His left caught the East Boston boy under the chin, and Magee went to the floor. He stayed there several seconds, and arose only in time to be saved from a count out. There was some short hand fighting in favor of O'Brien, and Magee was a whipped man.

The fourth was opened by Magee, who walked up to O'Brien and got in some pretty good blows. It was a hard fought round, with Magee getting the worst of it. O'Brien fought Magee all over the ring, but the latter retaliated in his old game style.

The fifth and final round lasted only a minute. O'Brien looked almost as bright as when he first started. Magee looked well for the amount of hard knocks he had received.

O'Brien sparred for an opening, and he soon got it, for he planted his right on the jugular of Magee and the East Boston boy was put to sleep.

OVER ELEVEN MINUTES UNDER WATER.

Prof. Enoch, the English natator, gave a wonderful exhibition in the Park Theatre, N. Y., on Nov. 27. He essayed the feat of remaining under water 11 minutes 30 seconds out of 15 minutes, and would have accomplished the feat had he been properly coached. As it was, he lost by only 5 seconds, having taken 38 seconds in breathing spells.

The swimmer is a man of ordinary build, but he undoubtedly possesses great lung power, cool-headedness and grit. In doing his remarkable feat he evidently worked upon a schedule, and if he had been handled by experienced men he would have accomplished what is really a remarkable feat. He performed in a tank so all could see him. He reclined on the bottom of the tank in an easy way, and apparently suffered no inconvenience. In doing this feat Enoch has the privilege of going to the surface for air as often as he pleases, but the aggregate of his breathing spells must not exceed 30 seconds. His time of staying under water and his breathing spells were as follows:

Under Water.	Breathing Spells.
2 minutes 5 seconds.	3 seconds.
1 minute 30 seconds.	4 seconds.
1 minute 15 seconds.	3 seconds.
1 minute 20 seconds.	5 seconds.
1 minute 5 seconds.	3 seconds.
1 minute 3 seconds.	8 seconds.
1 minute 5 seconds.	6 seconds.
1 minute 5 seconds.	4 seconds.
1 minute 5 seconds.	3 seconds.
11 minutes 22 seconds.	38 seconds.

HARVARD DEFEATS PENNSYLVANIA.

At Cambridge, Mass., on Nov. 30, the Harvard College football team defeated University of Pennsylvania team by a score of 25 to 4.

American Champion, James J. Corbett, newly revised and complete history of his life. With full report of his memorable contest and victory over the once invincible JOHN L. SULLIVAN. With portraits of Corbett, Mitchell Sullivan, etc. Price 25 cents, sent by mail to any address. **RICHARD K. FOX,** Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

SCHAEFER'S WONDERFUL PLAY

His Victory over Ives at Billiards Proves his Pluck.

FOOTBALL AND PRIZE FIGHTING

The billiard match between Frank Ives, champion at the game, and Jack Schaefer, which was won by the latter, was one of the greatest struggles for the billiard championship ever witnessed in this country. Schaefer won by his courage, coolness and scientific play, while in my opinion Ives, who was defeated, must look at his defeat in a great measure to his loss of nerve, bad temper and poor judgment during the last stages of the greatest billiard match of modern times.

How Ives could lose the game, when he started on the last night's play with a lead of 505 and 900 only to make to the 1,335 of Schaefer, is yet a matter passing to everybody. He was of all billiardists the most greatly distressed. I do not think that Ives quit more than I believe that the term "quitter" should be applied to a billiardist who under pressure happens to perform badly. A poor shot at a stage when a good one is wished for by a player's backers has always been the cause of the remark, "He lacks game-ness." A like stroke, were the expert ahead, going easily, would be attributed merely to carelessness. But Ives worked himself into a fury, lost his judgment and suffered defeat. The fact that a bad decision when the balls are anchored can so favor the player will of itself be sufficient to bar such method of play. No referee can be infallible. Henry Rhines has been synonymous with hon-esty for years and years, and Ives' talk of "highway robbery" only hurts himself. Mr. Rhines has been afflicted for years with rheumatism, and Saturday night was sadly out of it, as a bandaged hand would indicate. A man more spry and active on his legs would have been better fitted for the position of referee, and one could wish a pair of eyes that did not need a magnifying glass to help them. Champion billiardists have eyes like eagles, and like optics should grace the head of the referee. Well, the big match is over, and the much talked of event settles nothing. Although the grand average (over 27 by both men) beats all records, yet it is not good enough to beat a player like Maurice Vignaux. Some day in the near future it is hoped that somebody will institute a three-cornered tournament wherein will participate Schaefer, Vignaux and Ives. Then you will see billiards.

Schaefer has forever set at rest the charges that he had no pluck. With stupendous odds against him he set to work with a determination which has won him the admiration of the entire sporting world. He not only played the game of his life, but by a sensational run of 103 on the end beat Ives 55 points. The game must go down to history as the most remarkable in the annals of the sport. It would have been sensational if Ives had run the game out, but Schaefer's win makes it most remarkable.

It is possible that the Columbian Athletic Club will soon be in full blast again at Roby, Ind., and numerous important battles brought off. Attorney-General Smith will submit to the Secretary of State an opinion on the Roby controversy that is likely to cause something of a sensation. The new Roby Athletic Club demanded of the Secretary of State his reasons in black and white why he would not permit them to file articles of association and the letter was submitted to the Attorney-General. This opinion is in reply. In it the Attorney-General holds that the Roby law under which the club seeks to incorporate is perfectly valid; therefore "contests of science and skill" are not unlawful. Such being the case the Secretary had no right whatever to refuse the privilege of filing duplicate articles of association. Having filed with the Recorder of Lake county it is already a valid corporation. Such being the case there is no and has not been any call for interference upon the part of the Governor. His action in passing troops as reported last September was entirely illegal, and if the Auditor of State has audited payment of bills for the expenses of that mobilization he has gone outside of his authority and committed a forgery. The only proper method of procedure was for the Judge of Lake county to peremptorily remove the Sheriff if he failed to do his duty and prevent any violation of the law.

If football players are to be maimed for life, and in some instances killed, I think it should be time to revise the rules. Football of late years has become a dangerous sport. Talk about the brutality of boxing and glove fighting, why football players of to-day do more damage to each other in a tackle than boxers, or even prize fighters, would do in a dozen contests. I see that Camp states that before next season some changes will necessarily be made in the rules of football to restrain the excessive use of wedge plays. It is obvious that these new plays are spoiling the game in many respects. They make it less scientific and in many cases degenerate it into a most brutal exhibition of force. In these plays the game is ruined, not only for the players, but even more for the spectators, in that its fine points are less easily observed. It is a much less desirable style of game for the players themselves, as the danger and injuries are increased many fold. It compels a substitution of the method of throwing the body in front of play as a means of stopping the advance of the ball in place of the fine tackling of the past. These great masses of men in wedge play are not only accountable for the increased number of injuries received by players this season, but make it impossible for the umpire to do his duty. Consequently we have the increased number of intentional injuries which have disgraced some of our most important games this year. The interference and wedge ideas have been wonderful additions to the science of football, but obviously are not in adjustment with the game as originally developed. There are too many men on the field for such plays, and this is the main source of evils which they have brought into the game. These new principles should be retained and even developed to a greater state of perfection. There is but one way in which this can be accomplished, and that is to do what was done previously, when the number of players was reduced from fifteen to eleven. Two more men, presumably the tackles, should be removed, and to bring about a proper adjustment the change should be accompanied with a rule compelling the side having possession of the ball to gain ten yards in four downs.

Just at the time when James Walter Kennedy, the "Police Gazette" champion strong man, whose feats are lifting in harness and with the hands, is tied up from defending the championship, as he is engaged in the drama entitled the "Man of Iron," in which he performs wonderful feats of strength, Oscar B. Wahlund and August W. Johnson, the Swedish strong men, arrive here with the intention of demonstrating that they are the strongest men in the world. These gigantic modern Samsons have issued a challenge to compete in feats of strength against Kennedy, the American champion; Louis Cyr, the Canadian champion; or Eugene Sandow, the champion of Europe, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The Swedish champions are probably the strongest two men in the world, and judging by the wonderful feats they have accomplished they would give even Kennedy a great race for the prize of place. Wahlund is of Herculean build, 6 feet 5 inches in height, and weighs 243 pounds. He measures over 18 inches around the upper arm. In St. Petersburg, Russia, he made the world's record in heavy-weight lifting by lifting in harness 4,049 pounds, this being the combined weight of 22 men and the platform on which they stood. He is, at the gymnasium of Dr. Krawewski, 5 Michael place, in St. Petersburg, on Oct. 10, 1892, in attempting to reach the maximum of a weight-lifting machine, which registered 2,800 pounds broke the handle when reaching 2,079 pounds. Johnson since childhood has been noted for his great strength. At the age of fifteen, after many tests of strength, he was voted the strongest person among 425 employees. During October, 1892, Johnson broke several world's records made by the great Vienna athletes, Turk, Steinhilber and Rippe, and holds the di-

ploma of Dr. Krawewski, of 5 Michael place, St. Petersburg, Russia, attesting to that fact.

The advent in this country of the phenomenal athletes and weightlifters, Wahlund and Johnson, is destined to create a new interest in this sport. They made their first bow to an American audience last week in Philadelphia, and were well received. The entire press of that city teem with their praises, and well they deserve it. While they are to a great extent unknown in this country, yet reports have reached us of some of their wonderful performances. The feat of Mr. W. B. Curtis, who on Dec. 20, 1892, lifted in harness a dead weight of 2,229 pounds, has never been duplicated by any living man until Wahlund not only did it, but took such a gigantic stride beyond him when he, in October, 1892, lifted 22 men, which, together with the platform on which they stood, weighed 4,094 pounds, as to leave the previous performance entirely in the shade. Surely there must be a limit to human strength, and it is safe to say that no other living man can duplicate the feat. Wahlund accomplished this wonderful performance in public at the Circus Sinebell in St. Petersburg, Russia. During his engagement in Philadelphia Wahlund lifted 18 men, whose combined weight, with that of the platform, was 3,567 pounds. This evoked the wildest enthusiasm. The theatre was packed from stage to dome, and he was twice called before the curtain. His companion, Johnson, has, although only 21 years old, made an enviable record, and should be improved in the next as he has in the past two years he will be a marvel. As it is, he is one already. During October, 1892, he broke the, up to that time, world's record of Rippe and Turk, of Vienna. The first by taking from the ground a bar bell weighing 290 pounds to the shoulder, and twice from shoulder to full arm's length above the head, and the second by the same movement, taking a bar bell weighing 335 pounds and putting it up full arm's length seven times. Johnson juggles 60-pound weights as if they were but tennis balls.

REFERENCE

HARVARD GOES DOWN BEFORE YALE.

The football game between Yale college football eleven, of New Haven, Conn., and Harvard college eleven, of Cambridge, Mass., was played on Nov. 25 at Springfield, Mass.

The line-up of the teams was as follows:

YALE.	Positions.	HARVARD.
Hinkley	Left end	Blanchard
Murphy	Left tackle	Newell
McGraw	Left guard	Mackie
Stillman	Center	McGraw
Hickok	Right guard	Lawson
Beard	Right tackle	Manahan
Greenway	Right end	Emmons
Adee	Quarter back	Beals
Thorne and	Half back	Waters and
Armstrong	Full back	Wrightington
		Butterworth

Referee, Dr. Philip Schoff, of Pennsylvania. Umpire, W. P. Moffatt, of Princeton.

When the game was called the field was swept by a gale from the north, making the choice of sides very great. When the coin was tossed Yale's luck came "heads up," and it did not take Capt. Hinkley long to hand over the ball to Capt. Waters and beckon his men to the north end of the field.

The luck again turned against Harvard when Capt. Waters, after being repeatedly injured, was forced to leave the field. But Harvard made a game fight, and Yale earned her victory.

Money was a little scarce in betting circles, although a large amount had, of course, been previously staked. Yale men had received an encouraging word from their coaches, which made them fairly confident of winning, but they were a little timid about taking the offers which were freely made by the Harvard supporters.

The field on Hampden Park presented a magnificent sight. It was a perfect arena of gigantic size, the vast crowd of 25,000 people forming a solid wall on the four sides of the grid-iron using tier above tier with the sky alone for a background. The audience contained an unusual number of notables.

Gov. Russell entered the grounds on the Harvard side shortly before 3 o'clock and took his customary seat in section F on the Crimison side. A few moments later two dignified silk hats were seen working their way through the surging crowd on the Cambridge side. Under them were Gov. McKinley and ex-Lieut.-Gov. Hall, and they were greeted with a rousing applause as they filed into section D. The crowd were on the lookout for the Ohio legislator on the Yale side, thinking, doubtless, that he would take opposing sides in any conflict that concerned President Eliot's proteges. The dignity of the Yale side was supported by Mr. Morris of Connecticut, who came in about 3 o'clock, almost unnoticed by the excited crowd. The only heroes of the day were those who had won their laurels on the gridiron.

Before the ball had long been in play it was evident that Harvard was going to make a determined struggle to win, and considering how decidedly they did force matters in the first half, with the conditions strongly against them, it can only be conjectured that they would have done had the advantage been on their side. Yale's plan of battle was evident on the start. It was her policy to make the most of the strong wind which was blowing at the time, and play a kicking game. By so doing Capt. Hinkley greatly relieved his men and kept the Harvard men continually working up hill. Thus he saved his men for the last half and won the game. It was good generalship, and was rewarded with victory.

Butterworth began his punting almost as soon as Yale got the ball, and he kept up the same tactics throughout the first half, for it worked well. Brower tried to hold up his end and return the punting, but no player could kick against such a wind. Hinkley would not wait for the third down, but on the second, and even on the first, the ball would be passed to Yale's full-back for a punt. Butterworth had but to raise the leather for a high punt and the pigskin would sail far down into the Harvard's territory, and then the crimson players would have to begin their up-hill work over again. It was evident, too, before the end of the first half, that the work was telling on the Harvard men, while their opponents were comparatively fresh.

As soon as the ball was put in play at the opening of the second half, Yale's full back began hammering away at the Harvard line, almost exactly as he did in the second half of the Yale-Harvard game last year, and with a like result. It was left for Thorne to make the star play of the game after Yale had made her touchdown. With the ball slightly in the Yale territory, near the middle of the field, it was passed to Thorne for a right end run.

He got a fine start, and a hole opening up the right he dashed through, and with almost a clear field made a rush of 30 yards. It was accomplished by no massed interference, and was one of the few individual plays of the game.

Capt. Hinkley's men played a typical Yale game and they won on the old style of play, what innovation they did attempt proving of little value. They did try the flying wedge in a modified form in interfering for the runner, but they put no great reliance upon it. Harvard, on the other hand, relied greatly on their flying interference plays.

Both at the kick-off and constantly in the line-up was this play tried, and with good effect, particularly in the first half. In the second half whatever trickery there was in the play was known to the Yale men and it was much less effective in gaining ground.

The only variation in the play was at times to send the half around the opposition end of the line, instead of following the interference. In the early part of the game the play worked well, and resulted in a positive gain almost every time. The revolving wedge was tried at intervals, but with no marked success.

The score was Yale 6, Harvard 0.

Jim Flynn, the champion welterweight pugilist of New Mexico, has forwarded a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE to fight any man in America at 140 pounds for \$1,000 or \$1,500 a side, "Police Gazette" rules to govern. Wm. R. Brown, Flynn's backer, will agree upon Richard K. Fox being final stakeholder, and he will allow any pugilist accepting expenses to go to New Mexico to fight.

Charles Mitchell, Champion of England. His record in the ring is a portrait of Michael. Also contains portraits and records of all the English champions from Tom Figg, first champion, down to the present day. Price 25 cents by mail. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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Any of the above splendidly illustrated novels sent to any address securely wrapped on receipt of price, 50 cents each.

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C. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We replied by mail.
C. S. Mahaffey, Pa.—We do not deal in the goods.
READER, Syracuse, N. Y.—It is correct and A. loses.
C. D. C., Rondout, N. Y.—We published photo in No. 848.
T. W. P., Easton, Pa.—Edwin Gibby's address is Warren, R. I.
G. A., Baltimore, Md.—The fight was decided in favor of Slavin.

T. J. O'D., Hoboken, N. J.—Send \$1.50 and we will mail you the book.
H. O'R., South Bend, Wash.—We have not the address of Jim O'Rourke.

T. E., Lowell, Mass.—We received your letter but can do nothing in the matter.

M. C., New York.—A letter addressed to 45 Broadway, Rondout, N. Y., will reach him.

LITERARY, Fort Apache, Ariz.—Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan fought twenty-one rounds.

W. J. W., Calo, R. C.—Sullivan and Kilrain fought without gloves, according to prize ring rules.

F. L., Brooklyn.—You would have to address the Melbourne Sportsman for official record of Carbine.

J. D., Washington, D. C.—Donovan has won more money than any two-year-old that ever ran on the turf.

T. J., Baltimore, Md.—The photo you write about would be of no interest to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. Thanks.

A. E. P., Clio, La.—Send your letter to this office and we will have it placed with a firm near the POLICE GAZETTE building.

G. Z., National Soldiers' Home, Va.—We do not know how many trade dollars there are on the floor of Smith's saloon in New York.

A. C. S., Hot Springs, Ark.—We have not the lady's address you mention, but if you will address a letter care of POLICE GAZETTE it will reach her.

C. A. D., Chicago, Ill.—The decision of the referee when Donnelly McCaffrey and Charley Mitchell boxed in Madison Square Garden was given in favor of McCaffrey.

R. M., Montreal, P. Q.—Jack Dempsey and George LeBlanche have fought twice in the prize ring. Dempsey was victor in the first and LeBlanche in the second contest.

MUCKLEHEAD, Bluffton, Ind.—Dan Donnelly and Tom Oliver fought at Crawley, Eng., on July 21, 1893, for 100 guineas. Donnelly won in 24 rounds, fought in 1 hour 10 minutes. Dan Donnelly did fight outside of Ireland. 3 Yes. Send 25 cents and we will mail you the book.

R. W., Easton, Pa.—Tom Connors has won the following championships: Beat Ike Smith July 8 and 10, 1892, for championship of England. Beat Evan Lewis for the championship of America. Beat Thomas Clayton, alias bulldog, Dec. 12, 1892, for championship of the world. Winner of the heavy-weight championship, Free Trade Hall, £10 and gold medal, December, 1892.

B. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—Domino won \$170,000, the largest amount ever won by a two-year-old race horse except Donovan. Sensation, Tremont and Domino were never beaten. Sensation won eight races and \$20,250 in 1879. The next unbeaten wonder, Tremont, won thirteen races and \$40,045, and since then other two-year-olds have won larger sums, but none has come anywhere near Domino's total. His Highness being the closest, with \$108,440 as the sum of his winnings.

C. H. A., Perry, Ill.—John L. Sullivan has been knocked down three times, by James A. Hogan, Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett.

2. Peter Jackson, while training to fight Jim Corbett, was thrown out of a buggy and his hip injured. He claims that he was still suffering from the effects of the accident when he fought Jim Corbett.

3. Jim Corbett had no bones broken when he fought Peter Jackson, but both of his hands swelled and gave out.

4. Low Jack, 5 Yrs. 6. The fastest time for a horse running one mile is 1 minute 35 seconds, by Salvalor, against time.

R. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—Domino won \$170,000, the largest amount ever won by a two-year-old race horse in America.

In his nine starts the nearest that he has come to defeat was when he ran a dead heat with Robbins in the great match race at Sheepshead Bay.

His first victory was a purse at Gravesend in the spring, after which he put to his credit the Great American at Gravesend, the Great Eclipse at Morris Park, the Great Trial at Sheepshead Bay, the Hyde Park at Washington Park, Chicago, the Produce at Monmouth Park, the Futurity at Sheepshead Bay, then split the match with Robbins and wound up by capturing the Matron Stakes worth \$29,460 gross.

W. A. W., Norfolk, Va.—First, Joseph Sullinger and Carl Hosier wagered on the result of the first contest in which Frank Wonga paid forfeit. The latter's refusal to weigh and the fact that he paid forfeit made Dana entitled to the forfeit money and stakes if any was to be contested for.

Second, The referee had no control over the bets, neither had he any jurisdiction to declare them off under any circumstances.

When Wonga forfeited the match the Sullinger and Hosier wager ended and Sullinger won, unless both parties mutually agreed to allow the wager to stand upon the result of the second contest.

Or if they agreed to that there must be a fight to decide their money then the bet was off. The fact that Wonga lost the first contest arranged for forfeiting and agreed to pay the money posted was proof positive that those who backed him also lost.

The referee's decision about declaring bets off was of no consequence.

W. J. S., Boston, Mass.—W. C. Donovan was born in South Newmarket, N. H. June 29, 1866. He is the holder of the Intercollegiate quarter mile, which he won at the games at Mott Haven on May 31, this year. He ran the distance in the fast time of 50 2-5 seconds. Donovan made his first appearance in athletic circles in Exeter academy games in the spring of 1887, where he won the mile run in 5 minutes 24 seconds. He did not compete again until the spring of 1893, when he won the half mile run at Harvard in 2 minutes 3 seconds. At Mott Haven that year he was third in the half-mile run. Last year he was on the Mott Haven team again and won the half-mile run and got second in the quarter-mile run. He won this year in the New York Athletic Club games the quarter-mile run in 51 seconds, and the half-mile in 2 minutes 4 seconds.

At present he is also champion 300 yard runner, having won the race and title at the A. A. U. championship games in Boston.

J. C., Charleston, S. C.—Charles Gallagher was born at Coburg, Canada, on May 10, 1845. He stood 6 feet 1 1/2 inches in stocking feet; his fighting weight was 180 pounds. He was a principal in the prize ring five times, defeating Jack Curvey and Tom Allen, making a draw with the latter, and being beaten by Bill Davis and Jimmy Elliott, though many believe that he was cheated out of the last-mentioned.

He likewise had a turn-up with Dan Smith at Pittsburgh, Pa. During the war he served as a private soldier in an Ohio regiment, and after his return to Cleveland—to which city his parents removed while he was a child—he was on the police force for about six months.

As a boxer he possessed fine science and was a powerful fighter, but his ability to receive punishment was not equal, nor was his constitution sufficiently rugged to withstand the wear and tear incidental to the life of a pugilist. He died on Aug. 25, 1893, at

Jacksonville, Fla., of consumption, and was buried in Cleveland, O.

R. J., Paterson, N. J.—Tom Williams, the Australian champion, was born at Brunswick, Australia, in 1869. He has had the following fights: Eight-round draw with Jack Morris; 8-round draw with Jerry Marshall; 8-round draw with Billy Maher; defeated Harry Mace in 3 rounds; 8-round draw with Jim Saxton; eight-round draw with Tui Ryan; defeated Harry Salliers in 3 rounds; defeated Jack Synott in 8 rounds; defeated Tom Friday in 4 rounds; failed to knock Tom Tracey out in 4 rounds; again met Tracey, and in a contract to knock him out in 3 rounds gave him his quarters in the fifth; defeated Tom Griffith in 3 rounds; again defeated Synott and Friday respectively in 4 and 5 rounds, fought Billy Maber a 14-round draw; defeated Jim Barron in 1 round at the Melbourne Athletic Club in a finish fight; defeated Ben Seth in a round and a half at the same club; defeated George Dawson, Billy Madden's new alleged world-beater, in 14 minutes, at the same club; defeated Cockney Bill Hatcher in 2 minutes 17 seconds at the National Sporting Club, London, May 2, 1892. Williams, unable to get on a match with Jim Burge or any other Englishman, then came to America and challenged the world at 140 pounds. Billy Smith promptly accepted the challenge, and a match was arranged for Smith and Williams to fight at 140 pounds for a \$5,000 purse, \$500 to the loser. The fight was decided in the Coney Island Athletic Club on April 17, 1893, when Smith won in 3 rounds.

W. A., Boston, Mass.—Tommy Russell was born in New York on June 16, 1871. He stands 5 feet 5 inches and in condition weighs 165 pounds. The following is his record: Defeated Pat McWilliams of New York in 3 rounds, Dec. 6, 1892; defeated Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider," in 3 rounds, Jan. 1, 1893; a draw with Tommy Kelly of 8 rounds, Feb. 17, 1893; defeated Johnny Griffin, of Boston in 1 round, March 14, 1893; defeated Jim Black, of Harlem, in 2 rounds, June 9, 1893; defeated Bill Walters, of New York, in 5 rounds, Sept. 18, 1893; defeated Charlie Giggler, of Hoboken, in 4 rounds, Dec. 14, 1893; defeated Martin Fishery, of Boston, in 5 rounds, Feb. 16, 1894; fought a draw with Spider Miller, of New York, of 10 rounds, April 23, 1894; defeated Tommy Quinn, of Harlem, in 4 rounds, Nov. 19, 1893; fought a draw with Matt McCarthy, of Philadelphia, Pa., of 6 rounds, Jan. 1, 1894; defeated Jack McGuire, of New York in 2 rounds, March 17, 1894; defeated Tommy Kelly, Harlem Spider, in 11 rounds, Sept. 18, 1894; defeated Joe Ross, of New York, in 5 rounds, Dec. 28, 1894; defeated Eddie Avery, of Williamsburgh, in 3 rounds, June 15, 1895; defeated Jack Fanning, of Boston, in 5 rounds, August 8, 1895; defeated Billy Murray, of New York, in 6 rounds, April 19, 1896; defeated Mickey Sheridan, of New York, in 6 rounds, Feb. 6, 1896; defeated Johnny McKick, of New York, in 1 round, Sept. 29, 1895; defeated Billy Barry, of Brooklyn, in 3 rounds, April 22, 1892.

BILLY MCCARTHY BEATEN.

The boxing bouts of the New York Athletic Club in New York on Nov. 25, attracted a big crowd. The opening bout was between Alexander Stocks of New York and Jack Dorsey, of Baltimore, at 155 pounds. Both pugilists were colored. The judges agreed on the superiority of Stocks after six rounds.

Jack McGrath, of New York, and George Strong, of Denver, Col., were the next pair. They were announced as weighing in at 155 pounds. The Colorado boy, in a gorgeous pair of green tights, would not accept defeat until McGrath split his cheek open by a right-hand swing in the fifth round. Even then he was game to fight on, but the referee intervened and awarded the bout to the New Yorker.

Francis Darriolat and Adolph von Mollé were then introduced for a bout of French boxing. Although the combatants only wore gloves on their hands, the leading was done almost exclusively with the feet. The audience enjoyed the burlesque for a couple of two-minute rounds. In the third round the Frenchmen warmed into a fair imitation of American fighting, and von Mollé got enough to send him to his corner in the first minute. The bout was awarded to Darriolat.

The experts breathed an audible sigh of relief when Jim Burge, of Australia, and Al O'Brien, of Philadelphia, were introduced. O'Brien was so palpably above himself that none were found to question the announcement that he weighed 141 pounds, or six over weight. The extra avoirdupois had little effect on the "iron man," and he did an even share of a very sluggish contest. The Antipodean split O'Brien's jaw in the first round, but afterward the exchanges were of such a loving character that the officials dubiously pronounced the affair a draw. The spectators were not at all pleased with the modesty of the principals, and filed up the interval with hissing.

It afterward transpired that O'Brien had smashed his left hand in attempting to jab the "iron man," and that the latter was too chivalrous to take advantage of his opponent's mishap.

The big event of the night was the heavy-weight bout between Billy McCarthy, of Australia, and Frank Craig, of New York. The latter was in the pink of condition, while the imported article was smothered in fat. The "cooler" saw his advantage and kept his opponent busy throughout. Craig got the decision after six lukewarm rounds.

SCHAEFER'S WONDERFUL GAME.

The great billiard match between Jacob Schaefer and Frank Ives, at Chicago, which lasted six nights, was won by Schaefer by 55 points.

It was 1:45 in the morning before the game was finished, yet but few people left the hall until the close. It was a Schaefer crowd. The Chicago public seemed to have set its heart on Schaefer winning, and it saw its wish gratified. The scene at the finish was most exciting. When Schaefer stepped to the table for the forty-fifth lining he needed 102. He soon gathered the balls and began counting fast. He made 28. Then the balls froze, but he executed a great massé and kept on counting.

When he passed Ives there was scarcely any applause, so interested was the house in the "Wizard's" success. There was not a soul in the vast assemblage but knew that Schaefer was in the lead, but all feared that they would disconcert him by their applause. At 60 the balls froze again, and when a massé extricated Schaefer from his difficulty the enthusiasm of the crowd broke forth, but was quickly hushed, and Schaefer moved on towards victory. At 75 he anchored the balls on the lower rail and quickly clicked off the necessary points.

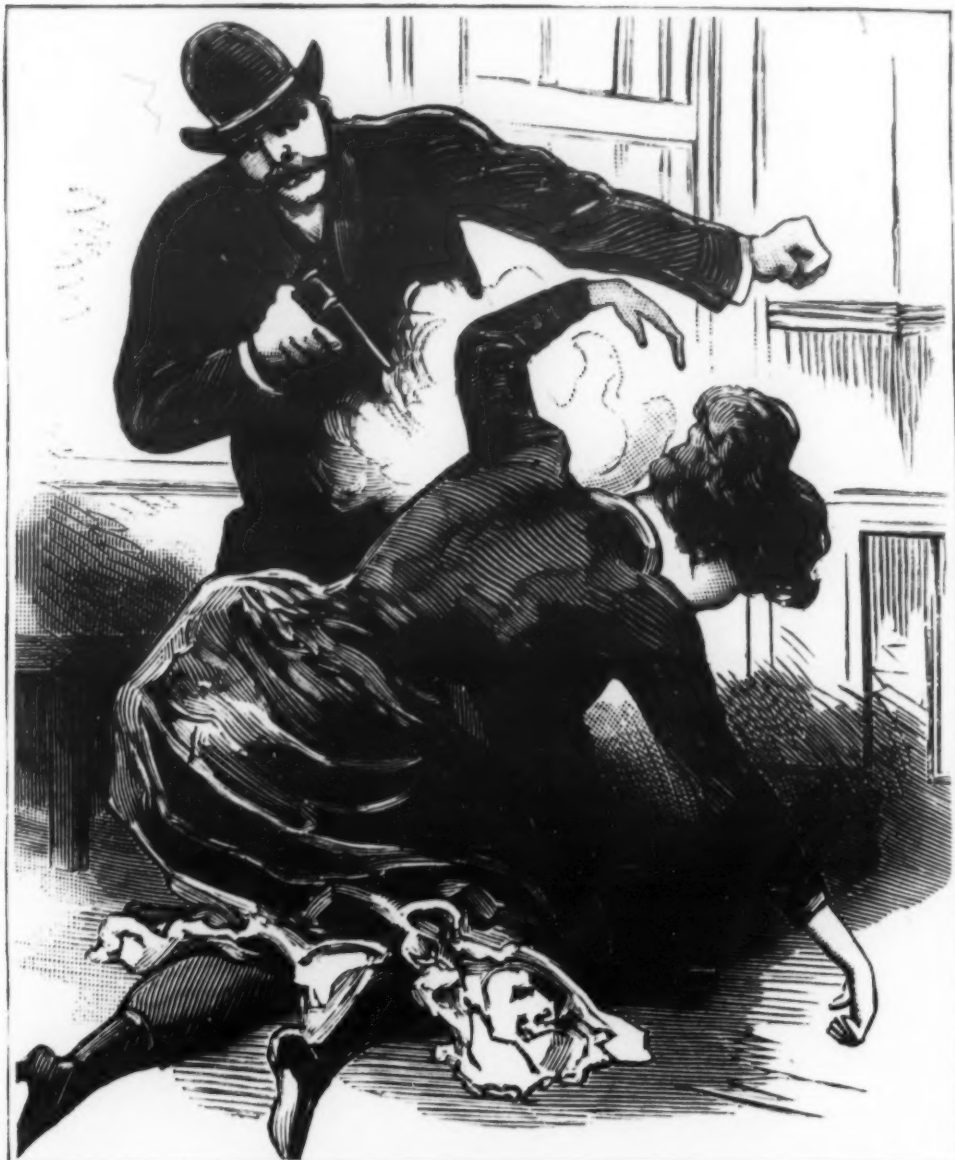
When he reached 101, with a simple carom to make, the crowd sprang to its feet and started towards the platform yelling and cheering like madmen. Schaefer made his winning point in the midst of pandemonium. He had no sooner counted than he was grabbed from behind by a frenzied mob, thrown into the air and on their shoulders and carried around the platform. From a box came his wife but she could make no headway through the mob and could not reach the new champion to congratulate him. Never has billiards received such a boom as by this last contest.

FAIR PLAY CLUB BOUTS.

The glove fights in the Fair Play Athletic Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 25 attracted a big crowd. The first of the special bouts brought out Joe Butler, Fair Play A. C., and Joe Stafford, Union A. C. Both men weighed in close to their limit of 135 pounds. It was a punching bee for the whole six rounds, and both men worked very hard. Butler had a shade of the advantage in the closing rounds, nearly putting Stafford out in the fifth round. The referee very properly decided in Butler's favor.

Then came the stellar bout of the night. Jack Downey, the old-time Union A. C. faced Mike Touhey, Acorn A. A. It was for 6 rounds at catch weights, and proved to be a hurricane go all the way through. In the first round Touhey rushed his man, but was met with two stiff right and left-handers that sent him to the floor. The second round was in favor of Downey. Touhey made a wonderful rally in the next round, but was quickly outfought, and was dazed when time was up. Downey was sent in to finish his man in the fourth round, but found him the hardest kind of a customer to battle against, even though Touhey was groggy. A right-hand swing on the jaw sent him to earth, and then a quick left in the ribs seemed to end the fight, but Touhey scrambled up just in time. Two more rounds were fought, but Downey was unable to knock his man out. He got the decision, however.

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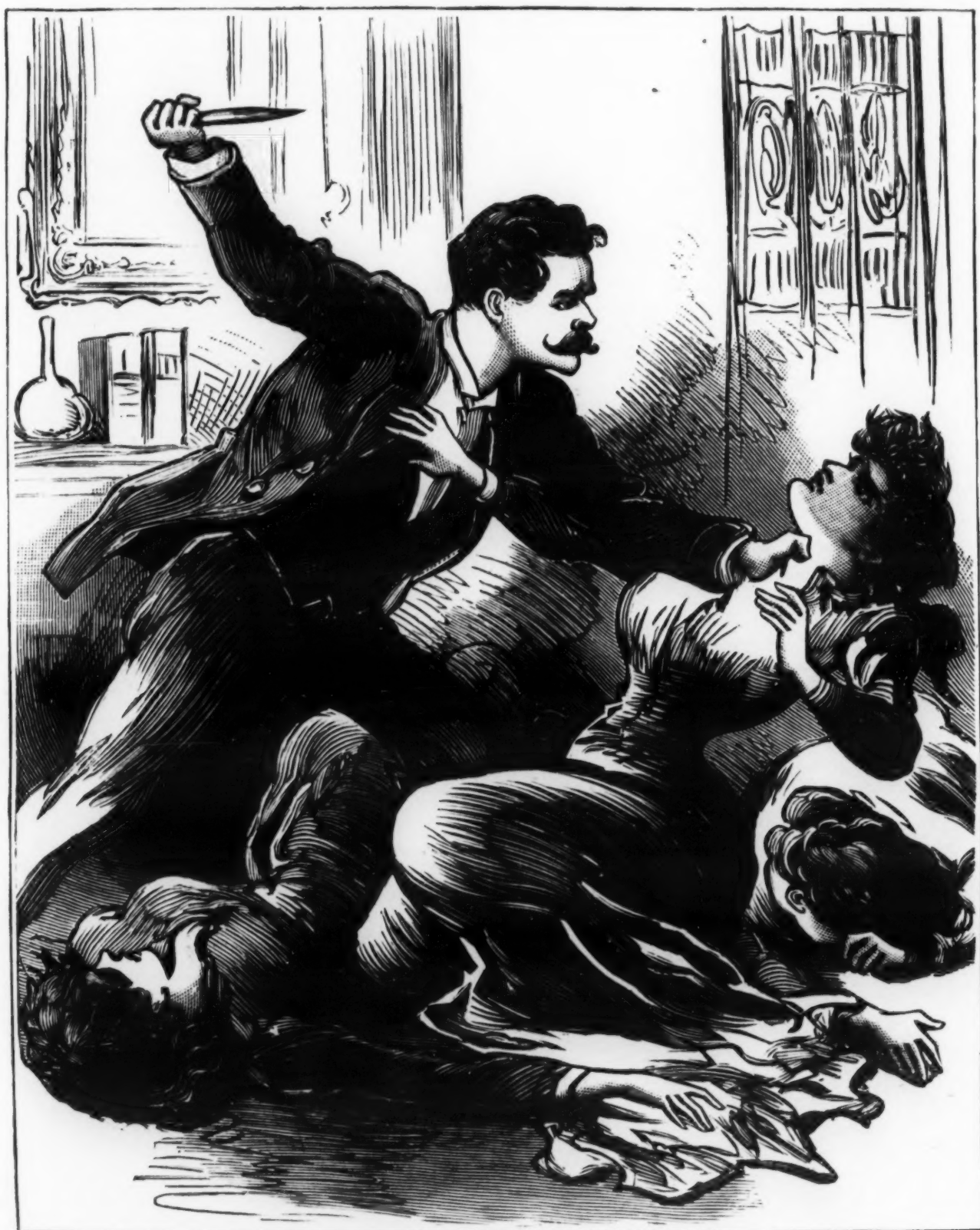
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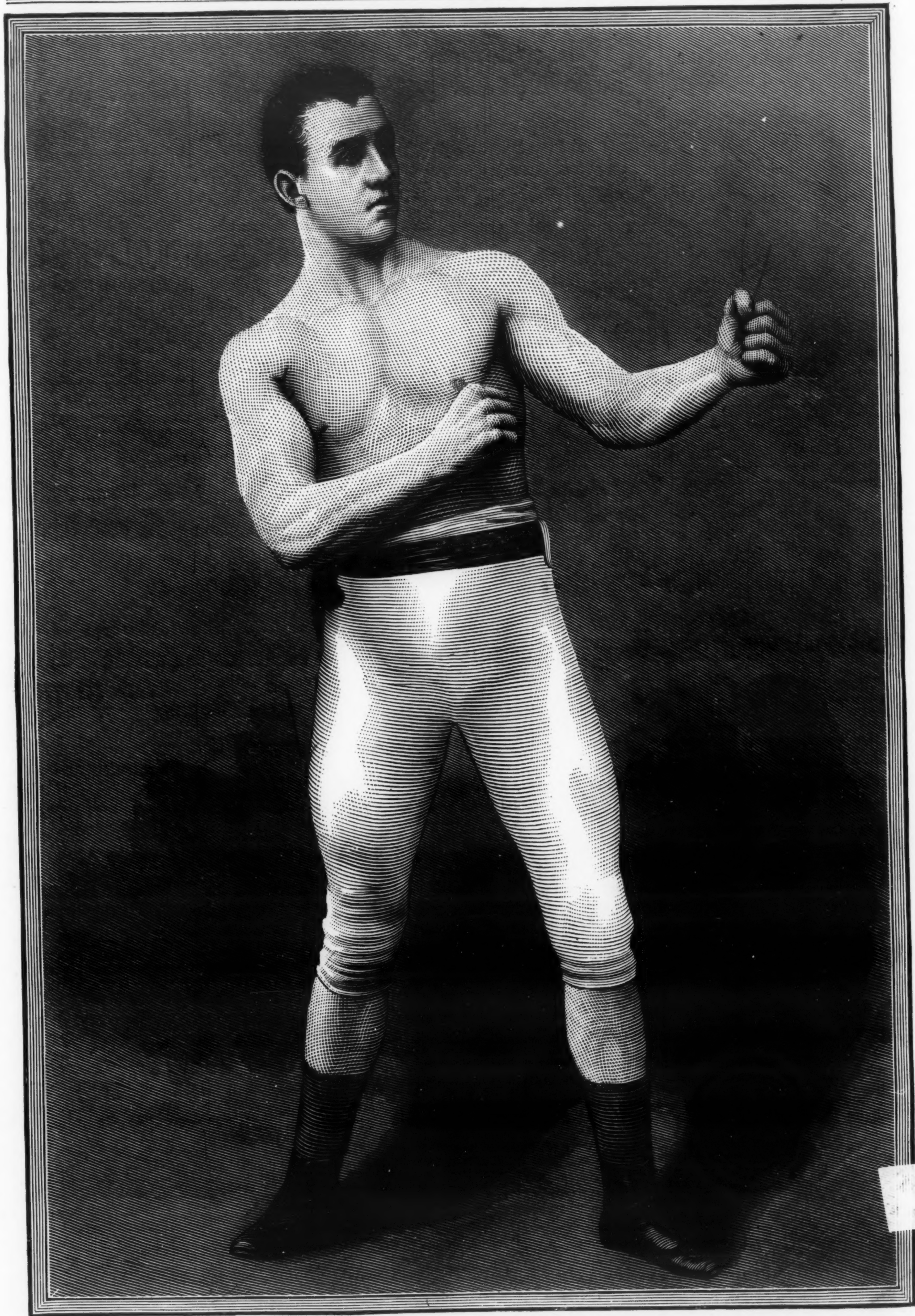
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